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FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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WASHINGTON, D. C.—PRESIDENT CLEVELAND'S BIRTHDAY, MARCH 18TH—CONGRATULATIONS FROM ALL SORTS OF PEOPLE.
A YOUNGSTER WHO DECLINED THE EXECUTIVE HAND.

FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 94.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
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Mrs. FRANK LESLIE, Proprietor.

NEW YORK, MARCH 28, 1885.

THE DEMOCRATIC FUTURE.

THE Democratic Party has sometimes shown a singular faculty for wasting its opportunities; but it has never had such an opportunity as is presented to-day. The Democrats have elected a President who has thus far proved himself to be in line with the best sentiment of the country. A united support of his policy will attract to the party liberal Republicans and the Independents, who in the last election held the balance of power. A Democratic Party of this character will be invincible. A party disrupted by jealousies, unsated hunger for spoils, and a spirit of resentment, will become simply a "horrible example," and must encounter certain defeat.

Now, it is precisely this condition to which the ultra-partisan Republican organs are seeking to reduce the Democracy. No party in power ever received more advice from the Opposition than the Democrats are now receiving. The sincerity of these advisers, however, may well be suspected. The whole aim of the Republicans just now is to further the progress of dissensions in the Democratic ranks. The selection of Mr. Joseph S. Miller, of West Virginia, instead of Mr. "Phil." Thompson, of Kentucky, as Commissioner of Internal Revenue, was hailed by the Republican press as a triumph of Randall over Carlisle. As a matter of fact, this was simply a selection of the better man. The tariff question, upon which these distinguished men held hostile views, has not yet become an issue, all pretence to the contrary notwithstanding. Mr. Henry Watterson, to be sure, has uttered a subdued war whoop, but every one knows that the mention of Mr. Randall's name invariably excites the Kentucky editor to an outburst. Similar Republican attempts to increase the alienation between the Protectionist and Free Trade wings of the Democratic Party have followed other important appointments. The hand of Mr. Randall has been traced in the selection of Mr. Malcolm Hay, of Pennsylvania, to be First Assistant Postmaster-general, and in that of Mr. Milton J. Durham, of Kentucky, to be First Comptroller of the Treasury. But what has become of the Republican campaign cry that Mr. Cleveland was a Free Trader, and would choose Free Traders to fill the leading offices? The truth is, there is nothing to be said against the qualifications of these appointees, and so the Opposition in despair appeals to Free Trade Democrats to believe that President Cleveland is deliberately ignoring them.

The real issue upon which the Democracy will be divided, if division is to come, will be the question of Civil Service Reform. There are some signs of such a division. Vice-President Hendricks, for instance, seems inclined to assume the leadership of the Bourbon element, with Senator Voorhees as a well-qualified lieutenant, in distinctive opposition to the reform principle. Fortunately, this Administration is to be judged by the people, and not by politicians. Were President Cleveland to yield to the Bourbons, he would not only lose the support of Independents and the best portion of his party, but he would be unable to satisfy all demands, and his four years in office would be a record of self-humiliation, of failure and of discord. Nothing worse can come from his present course, even though opposition be organized within the party. So long as President Cleveland keeps his place at the head of the Progressionists, he will have the support of the people in this conflict between the reform and the spoils theories of Government.

If the disgruntled Democrats determine to seek revenge, they will, no doubt, attempt to influence close State elections against their party, and thus secure an apparent rebuke of the Administration. Judging from some of the Tammany vaporings, this may be tried in New York next November. It is well for the friends of reform to be warned in time. The disappointed politicians may control a certain following of "strikers" and "heelers"; but we are inclined to think that their loss would be easily made up. Many liberal-minded citizens, who have hitherto voted the Republican ticket, would be unwilling to see an upright Administration betrayed by treachery in the President's own State. If the Democratic Party is to divide, let the lines of division be plainly understood. Let the spoilsmen join themselves to Republican spoilsmen if they will. The people will choose between the spoils hunters and the reformers. On the other hand, a united Democracy, endorsing the policy inaugurated at Washington, will gain for itself such prestige and honorable power as the Democratic Party has never known. And it owes it to itself and the country to wipe out the great sins of the past by utilizing to the utmost every opportunity for good.

THE CENTRAL AMERICAN QUESTION.

THE conduct of General Barrios, President of Guatemala, in "proclaiming" the consolidation of all the Central American republics—Guatemala, San Salvador,

Honduras, Nicaragua, and Costa Rica, with himself as Dictator, seems to citizens of the United States a piece of high-handed audacity and tyranny. But it ought not to seem very irregular to the Central Americans, as their Congresses are elected and their Presidents chosen with very little more regard for the popular will than Barrios has displayed in his attempted usurpation.

The question which comes to the front in connection with this matter is, What shall we do concerning the autonomy of our neighboring nations, especially as it involves the contract we have already made with Nicaragua to pay \$200,000 for two naval and coaling stations on opposite sides of the isthmus? It has long been obvious to all thoughtful people that the interests of the Central American republics would be promoted by a close confederation, even if a technical territorial union were impracticable. The trouble with Barrios's method is, that it is South American. In declaring the four sister republics annexed to Guatemala, he forgot or neglected the little formality of asking their consent to the absorption process. He merely, on March 7th, announced to President Cleveland, and the Mexican President, Diaz, "for the purpose of bringing about a union between the States of Central America and making them one republic," he had (with the approval of the Assembly of Guatemala) "assumed the title of Supreme Military Chief." Mexico instantly vetoed his act, and declared that she would not permit it; and the United States Senate passed a concurrent resolution declaring that Barrios "should be prevented from carrying out his scheme of annexing the adjacent republics."

Senator Bayard has been prompt to emphasize the principle enunciated by the Senate. Not only were steps immediately taken for the protection of American interests in the Central American States, but our diplomatic representatives in Guatemala, San Salvador and Nicaragua were instructed, that, "while believing a voluntary association of interests of the Central American States desirable, this Government would not countenance any display of force by one or more States to coerce the others, and that the United States stand ready to exert influence to avert conflict and promote peace." Subsequently, in a communication to the Senate, Secretary Bayard said:

"This Government has an undoubted interest in the assimilation of the aims of the Central American States, so that they may act voluntarily and harmoniously together under republican forms towards the realization of national and continental ends; but it must indelibly refuse its countenance to any measures subversive of the free autonomy of any of the several States. The interest and duty of the United States in the affairs of the Central American States, and which, so far as existing treaty obligations are concerned, I have already recited, must be manifested in accordance with the historical and consistent policy of this nation towards the States of the American system. Believing that the moral influence and good offices of the United States can be made a potential agency in the preservation of peace within the line of this policy, I am unable to suggest any action of the Senate."

That the policy of the new Administration, as here announced, will prove satisfactory to the country, there can be no question. Accompanied, too, as its declaration is, by a vigorous assertion of our naval authority at all points where American interests are endangered, its effect upon the future policy of would-be usurpers in Central America cannot be otherwise than most salutary. As for Barrios, he has already apparently abandoned his mad attempt at dictatorship and the annihilation of the sovereignty of the States over which he aspires to rule.

THE MORMON CANCER.

IT is an ugly sore upon the body politic, and it is not strange that there are differences of opinion as to the best way of dealing with it. The sore is not Mormonism in itself, regarded as a religion, but Polygamy—a practice shocking to the enlightened moral sense of our time, and for which the Mormon Church is directly responsible. The Mormons, of course, in common with all other American citizens, have a right to choose their religion, to believe in such doctrines as they please, to organize their Church upon such a plan as may seem to them best, and to worship God in their own way. Their rights in this respect are limited, as the rights of every other sect are limited, by only one condition, viz., that their practices shall not violate the dictates of common morality nor the laws of the land.

Monogamy is the universal law of modern civilization, and lies at the very foundation of the American Government, which must take its choice between removing by some means the cancer of Polygamy and fostering a moral nuisance sure to be fatal, sooner or later, to its own existence. The Nation at first winked at the abomination in sheer unbelief that so disgusting a practice could ever be so enlarged as to become dangerous; and when the necessity of legislation became manifest, there was a fear of adopting strong measures lest they should seem to un-informed and indiscriminating citizens to partake of religious persecution. This hesitation gave time for the sore to become enlarged until it was the terror alike of the statesman and the moralist. Then came the Edmunds law, which has certainly borne good fruit. This is seen in the criminal conviction of several Polygamists, and in the flight of others, including the head of the Church himself, from the Territory, in order to escape the clutches of the law.

The Mormon leaders are evidently in a state of terror, not knowing which way to turn or what to do to save themselves from arrest either as criminals or witnesses. Before the election they hoped that a Democratic Admin-

istration would either repeal the anti-Polygamy laws, or allow them to become a dead letter. The President's Inaugural Address appears to have destroyed this hope, and now they are in a state of panic, which shows that the Government has only to follow up its advantage and strike its blows rapidly and vigorously in order to bring the rebels to terms.

We doubt, however, if existing laws will prove adequate to the extermination of the evil, which, besides being strongly entrenched in Utah, is rapidly spreading to the adjoining Territories. It seems clear to us that heroic measures will be required. The local Government will probably have to be sacrificed for a time, and the Territory placed under the control of commissioners appointed by authority of Congress and backed by the armies of the United States. This should be followed by a Constitutional Amendment branding Polygamy as a crime, incapable of being legalized by any of the existing States, and prohibiting the admission to the Union of any new State which does not forbid the crime by its own organic law. We do not see on what reasonable grounds such an amendment could be opposed. The greatest sticklers for State rights surely do not wish to bring that principle into disgrace by making it a covert for such bestiality as that which prevails in Utah. With such a question party politics should have nothing to do. Decent men of all parties, constituting the vast majority of the people, should unite in the adoption of such measures as may be found necessary to uproot so gigantic an evil.

Our strong hope is that President Cleveland, when Congress next assembles, will have the courage to propose some plan by which the Mormon cancer may be surely and speedily removed. Such action on his part would certainly win for him the respect and gratitude of the American people. The evil is spreading rapidly, and the remedy should not be delayed.

AN EXCELLENT MOVEMENT.

A MOVEMENT is now in progress requiring instruction to be given in the public schools as to the effects of alcoholic drinks, stimulants and narcotics upon the human system. Five States, including New York, have laws requiring such instruction. In no less than nineteen other States, from Maine to Kansas, in the South as well as in the West, similar laws are before the respective Legislatures for action. In Pennsylvania, the petitions for such an enactment are signed by no less than 700,000 citizens. In Massachusetts, the petitions contained about 50,000 signers, including the names of college presidents and professors, physicians, teachers and ministers, and of the representative members of the community. The movement is general and enthusiastic.

The great increase of intemperance among the children of the poorer classes, and the enormous evils which the alcoholic habit works, make this movement most wise and timely. Doctors still discuss certain features of the effect of alcohol on the human constitution; but there is an approaching agreement among the ablest physicians upon certain points of primal importance. It is usually regarded that alcohol is not a food. Flint says: "It cannot be regarded as an aliment." "Beer, wine and spirits," affirms Liebig, "contain no element capable of entering into the composition of the blood or the muscular fibre." "That alcohol is incapable of forming any part of the body," says Cameron, "is admitted by all physiologists. It cannot be converted into brain, nerve, muscle or blood."

Agreement is, perhaps, more general as to the transmission of the alcoholic tendency from generation to generation. The alcoholic tendency is a capital example of the law of heredity. "We are omnibuses," says Dr. Holmes, "in which all our ancestors ride." This inclination for strong drink is transmitted from father to son. "The life of each individual is, in some real sense," remarks Francis Galton, "a continuation of the lives of his ancestors." But it is the testimony of Dr. Willard Parker, "Of all agents, alcohol is the most potent in establishing a heredity that exhibits itself in the destruction of mind and body." Aristotle says: "Drunken women have children like unto themselves"; and Plutarch remarks, "One drunkard is the father of another."

Instruction may well be given upon the effects not only of alcohol, but also of opium, chloral hydrate, chloroform, and of tobacco on the human system. The instruction might not cure a habit already formed, but it would tend to prevent the formation of the destructive habit. Not a few boys are led into various forms of self-indulgence, ignorant of their disastrous consequences, or perhaps under the belief that the indulgence is thoroughly healthful. Instruction, removing the ignorance or the error, will prove of advantage in the development of a strong body, vigorous mind and noble character.

THE GORDON MONUMENT.

THE Gordon Memorial Committee, of London, in a meeting presided over by the Prince of Wales, has decided not to erect a statue, a monolith, or any monumental shaft, but to construct a large hospital and sanitarium at Port Said, on the Red Sea, to be named after the hero and martyr, and to be open to the invalids of all the nations of the earth. This decision is in accordance with the scientific thought of modern civilization. The day of monuments, in the shape of useless piles of stones, has

gone by for ever. The Washington Monument is probably the last of the sort that will ever be built, for only civilized people build monuments at all, and they have awakened to the folly of any memorial which has not utility for its foundation. Indeed, it was difficult to finish our great shaft for this very reason; because it was widely, if indistinctly, felt that it was folly to spend so much money and waste so much human labor to no good end. At last, when the heart of a generous people revolted, and they refused to give more, Congress, in very shame, made an appropriation sufficient to finish the sky-cleaving pile. The monuments of the future will be hospitals, sanitariums, libraries, colleges—the infinite means of culture and of human comfort.

MR. PARNELL AND THE CABINET.

A VERY significant incident occurred in the British House of Commons last week. When the Government called for the vote on the Civil Service Supply, Mr. Parnell, rising in his place, announced that he would arrest the vote unless the Government redeemed its pledge given to the Irish members last August to introduce a Bill for a triennial redistribution of the Irish constabulary. The Bill is of a minor character, though a very necessary one. But Mr. Parnell's action, and what followed it, are symptoms of some of the gravest troubles that the future has in store for the English Parliament. It was made clear to the astonished House that the Government had been driven to make a bargain with the Parnellites in order to secure their vote on the Franchise and Redistribution divisions last Autumn, and that one of the stipulations of their bargain was that the Constabulary Bill would be introduced, and, what is more, would be managed in the Commons so as to be non-contentious. The Chief Secretary showed a disposition to ignore this pledge, but the Irish leader remaining firm, he announced that, "as it appeared that the Irish members were sincere and possessed a strong conviction that such a pledge as was claimed had been really given by the Government, the Government felt in duty bound to defer to the Parnellite understanding, and would act upon the supposition that the Parnellites were right." Mr. Parnell accepted the statement as satisfactory, and "allowed the vote on Civil Service Supply to proceed."

Two points are to be specially noted about this incident. Last August the Government had to make terms with Mr. Parnell to secure the passage of the Franchise Bill. Last week, when he thought it time to claim the fulfillment of their pledge, the Government had to defer to Mr. Parnell before he would "allow" a vote for supplies to proceed. Last August and last week the British press was full of contemptuous allusions to the Irish Party in the Commons. The House cheered when the Speaker expelled Mr. O'Brien, of *United Ireland*. Yet all this time this disciplined little Irish Party is the gravest anxiety of the Cabinet, and the Ministers who rule England's destinies metaphorically go on their knees to its cool and determined leader. Mr. Parnell to-day can only muster forty followers on a division, and not quite thirty of these are of the fighting kind. How will it be for the House of Commons when he leads a party of between eighty and ninety men of his own picking, as he certainly will after the general election?

DEATH AND CONTAGION.

MORE than ever must death be regarded as the "king of terrors," if clergymen cannot offer the consolations of religion at funerals without exposing themselves to contagion. It is startling to be told that, a short time ago, the Rev. W. F. Crafts, a well-known Presbyterian pastor in this city, contracted diphtheria while attending the funeral of a boy who had died of that dangerous disease. The health laws require that such funerals should be private, but through the neglect of the attending physician, or the undertaker, or of both together, the law was disregarded. Mr. Crafts was told that the disease was "some kind of catarrh." He found the house crowded to the very side of the open coffin, in two tightly closed and overheated rooms, with children, as well as adults, present. The father of the deceased says the doctors did not tell him before the funeral that his son's disease was diphtheria, and he adds, that, during the illness, the younger children of the family were constantly intimate with their sick brother, fearing no harm. The physician gave the cause of death as "diphtheritic pharyngitis," whatever that may be; which is sufficient evidence of criminal carelessness on his part, if the father's statements are to be received as true. The undertaker, too, was grossly negligent.

We trust this case will be rigidly investigated by the Board of Health, and that the parties accused will be held to a stern accountability for their acts. The danger of contagion in a great city like this, in many parts overpopulated, is at all times great enough, without being increased by such carelessness on the part of physicians and undertakers.

ECHOES FROM ABROAD.

THE situation upon the Afghan frontier is still critical. Mr. Gladstone's statement of the agreement entered into between England and Russia, which was to the effect that Russian troops will not advance from their present positions provided the Afghans do not advance, has not proved satisfactory to the British public, es-

pecially as it is known that the Russians already occupy territory which is in dispute, in advance of the line heretofore insisted upon by England as the natural frontier. Taking the best view of the case which the facts admit, it is obvious that the Russians propose to hold all they have gained, and that the Gladstone Cabinet have abandoned the demand for their withdrawal. Indeed, the latest accounts state definitely, that Sir Peter Lumsden has been enforced to accept, on the part of England, the frontier line fixed by Russia. Preparations are still in progress in India to send 30,000 troops across the frontier at short notice, if they are required.

The military situation in Egypt has been slightly changed for the better. Osman Digma's forces, who have so persistently annoyed the British garrison at Suakin, have been driven back into the interior by a general advance of General Graham's troops, who, after sharp skirmishing, occupied Hasheen. The Arabs were found to number some 8,000, and seemed to be well disciplined. This advance was followed up on the 20th by a more formidable demonstration, resulting in a five hours' battle, in which the Arabs were driven from an entrenched position with heavy loss. It is stated that the Mudir of Dongola is moving towards Berber, with a view of wresting it from the rebels. Dispatches from various points declare that the forces of the Mahdi are waning; but the authority for the report is, perhaps, doubtful.—The Egyptian financial agreement, recently effected by the Powers, guarantees a three and a half per cent. loan on \$45,000,000, to be used in lifting the existing debt—the loan to be liquidated by annual payments, which are to constitute the first charge against the Egyptian revenues until the entire loan is paid. The normal annual expenses of the Egyptian Government are fixed by the agreement at the gross sum of \$26,185,000. This includes \$1,000,000 to defray the cost of maintaining the army of occupation. England's internal administration of Egyptian affairs is not to be interfered with, and an exhaustive investigation into the revenue-earning capacity of the country is provided for.

The Prince of Wales, accompanied by Prince Albert Victor and the Duke of Edinburgh, last week visited Berlin, and participated in the observance of the eighty-eighth birthday of Emperor William, which was celebrated with great pomp on Sunday. Preparations for the reception of the Prince, on the occasion of his visit to Ireland, are going actively forward. In Limerick he will be presented with an address of welcome by the Chamber of Commerce. A manifesto has been issued by the National League, advising Nationalists to maintain an attitude of reserve towards the Prince during his visit, to make no hostile demonstrations, and offer no expressions of welcome.

The French fleet still maintains a rigorous blockade on the north coast of China. There is a renewal of the statements that France is willing to negotiate with a view to peace, and the declaration is specifically made that Germany will mediate between the Powers. The revolt in Cochin is said to be spreading, and 8,000 troops are going from Tonquin to suppress it. General de l'Isle, who has returned to Hanoi, informs the French Government that 10,000 reinforcements will be necessary to enable him to renew operations.

So the President has actually resolved to send idle army officers to their commands. The determination will test his metal. Grant made the same resolve; and so did Hayes, and Garfield, and Arthur. The pressure of the army loafers was too great for them, and they had to yield, and so it happens that there are captains and majors and lieutenants who have been on furlough for years, living in their handsome houses in Washington and New York. Some of the officers, who have managed to keep snug berths at the capital ever since Lincoln was President, should certainly be compelled to "swap around" and try territorial life. We shall see.

HAPPILY for the interests of all concerned, the strike of railroad employes on the Wabash and Southwestern system, terminated without a resort to violence on either side, and on conditions which appear to be in every way just and equitable. Through the intervention of the State officials of Kansas and Texas, and at their suggestion, the railway managers, after a careful consideration of all the facts in the case, agreed to restore the old rate of wages, and under this arrangement the strikers went instantly to work, raising the embargo under which the freight traffic had been completely stopped for a week or more. It would be fortunate for the business interests of the country if all strikes could be adjusted in the spirit of moderation and fairness which seems to have been displayed in this particular instance.

ADDICTED as the Hollander is to smoking, it would be naturally expected that churches would be secure from tobacco-smoke. Such, however, is not the case, as in many of the rural churches phlegmatic Dutchmen smoke during almost the entire service. Recently a foreign minister preached to a Dutch congregation, the pastor of the church being among the audience. The surprise of the preacher may be imagined upon seeing his clerical brother engaged in smoking like the rest. There is certainly nothing very esthetic in the Dutchman's devotional services; and though tobacco-smoke might be considered by the Hollander a good substitute for incense, people possessing a greater sense of propriety and more sensitive olfactory nerves, independent altogether of religious considerations, would certainly prefer incense and the Madonna to the bare walls, prosaic services and tobacco-smoke of the Dutchman.

FROM the Eighteenth Annual Report of the New York State Board of Charities, recently submitted to the Legislature, it appears that the number of the insane people is more than doubled every ten years—an increase altogether disproportionate to that of the population. By the Federal census of 1870, the population of the State at that time was 4,382,759, the number of the insane being 6,353, or one to 689 of the population. In 1880 the population of the State was 5,082,871, the number of the insane being 14,111, or one to every 356 of the population. At the last-mentioned date, the whole number of native-born citizens in the State was 3,871,492, and of foreign-born 1,211,379. Of the entire number of the insane, at the last census, 7,790, or one to every 497 of the population, were of native birth; and 6,321, or one to every 192 of the population, were of foreign birth. The larger proportion of insane persons to the foreign-born population is difficult to account for upon any other hypothesis than that many of the insane were in a mentally unsound condition when they arrived in this country. Climatic changes and the hardships incidental to immigration may be reasonably supposed to be the producing cause in many cases of mental lesion among this class of the population; but, even conceding this, it is altogether inadequate to account for the disproportionate number of the insane among the foreign-born. It is noteworthy that a census of the pauper population and of the criminals throughout the State reveals the same excess of the foreign over the native born. To place severe restrictions upon immigra-

tion is undoubtedly unwise and impolitic, but to prohibit the landing of immigrants, whose absence from their own country is desirable, cannot be considered arbitrary or unjust.

THE new broom still sweeps clean. The Attorney-General and Secretary of the Interior have dispensed with the carriages and horses heretofore kept for the use of their departments, and the latter official has ordered the turnouts to be sold for the benefit of the Treasury. Similar orders, it is said, will be issued by the heads of other departments. There are a dozen turnouts attached to the Treasury Department alone and in use in its various bureaus. Technically, these carriages are mail and delivery wagons, but really they are family carriages used for private purposes by heads of bureaus, chief clerks, etc., and driven by messengers on the rolls of the department. A large repair shop is necessitated, and the horse-shoeing, repairs, messenger-drivers, hostlers, etc., involve an expenditure for this single department of from fifteen to twenty thousand a year, not one cent of which expenditure is or ever was authorized by law. The *Philadelphia Times* says it has cost the Government more for this abuse alone in Washington than the salaries of the entire Cabinet. By all means let this abuse be abated.

THE *British Medical Review* has recently discussed at some length the question of the sanity or insanity of persons committing suicide. The subject has been discussed before without any conclusive result. People generally entertain the belief that suicides result from serious aberrations of mind, but this opinion is not borne out by facts. There is no reason to suppose insanity in the case of the majority of suicides—or perhaps not in the case of any—as confirmed lunatics have probably never been known to do so rash an action. There is no good ground for believing that the degree of mental disturbance preceding suicide is more irrational in its character than an excessive passion of any kind. The Russian officer and Court official, who settled a quarrel a number of years ago by playing a game of cards, with the condition that the loser was to commit suicide, were no more insane than duelists ordinarily are, being forced to fight a duel in this manner by the laws of Russia, which confiscated the property of a duelist in the event of death. The officer lost, and shot himself, and while satisfying a mistaken sense of honor, secured his property to his heirs, and in this, at least, was very rational.

THE policy of President Cleveland as to appointments to office is gradually developing. In the Postal Department he will not make any appointments, except as commissions expire, and will make no removals except for good and sufficient cause which will justify him before the Senate. In other departments there will be removals by-and-by, but they will be for cause, and will be made slowly and as necessary measures of reform. The members of the Cabinet, who are patiently mastering the complicated machinery of their departments, have discovered some cases of inefficiency and abuse that need correction; but the time for investigation has been too short to make it thorough, and while clerks and other public servants, who are found to have neglected their work or abused their trusts, will be summarily dealt with, it is the determination to make investigation so thorough that no injustice shall be done, and that really valuable public servants, high or low, shall be protected. If this purpose shall be honestly adhered to, the country will not withhold its approval. But a few violations of the rule, like that made in the case of the Appointment Clerk of the Treasury, will just as certainly destroy the public confidence in the honesty of Mr. Cleveland's reform policy.

THE Canada Pacific Railway is proving a most expensive enterprise for the people of that country. In addition to the Government loan of \$32,000,000 granted last session, another \$20,000,000 will be required this year. The company has altogether failed to carry out its original agreement with the Government, which required that the whole line should be completed in 1891, the company receiving a subsidy of \$25,000,000 in cash, and 25,000,000 acres of land, and certain connecting links of railway already constructed. The sum of \$32,000,000, voted last year, was upon the condition that the road should be completed in 1886. Now the company threatens to stop the work of construction unless \$20,000,000 additional is granted to it. The company has already received from the Government a total of \$48,000,000 in loans, cash and bonds, and about \$30,000,000 in constructed lines, making altogether about \$80,000,000. In addition to the \$20,000,000 now required for the completion of the road vast amounts will be also necessary to provide rolling-stock and to place the railway in good running order. And after it is completed, even the most ardent advocates of the enterprise are far from sanguine as to its ability to earn running expenses. The road traverses, throughout a great portion of its extent, a dreary, uninhabited country, from which but little traffic may be expected for many years, and from a large portion of which no trade of any kind need ever be expected, unless that of carrying iron, copper and other ores. Unless for political reasons, it is very certain that such a road would not be constructed for a long while to come.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

DOMESTIC.

THE Connecticut State Senate has rejected the Bill passed by the House giving women the suffrage in school districts.

THE Rhode Island Republicans have nominated George Peabody Wetmore for Governor. The Democrats have nominated Ziba O. Slocum for the same office.

At last the great strike of coal-miners in the Hocking Valley is at an end, and the half-famished miners who have remained idle for nearly nine months are seeking work in the mines.

GENERAL GRANT'S condition was somewhat improved last week, but the progress of his disease has not been arrested. The arrival of his daughter, Mrs. Nellie Grant-Sartoris, from England, last Friday evening, cheered and strengthened him greatly.

FOREIGN.

JAMES STEPHENS, the ex-Fenian, is said to be dying at Mons, in Belgium.

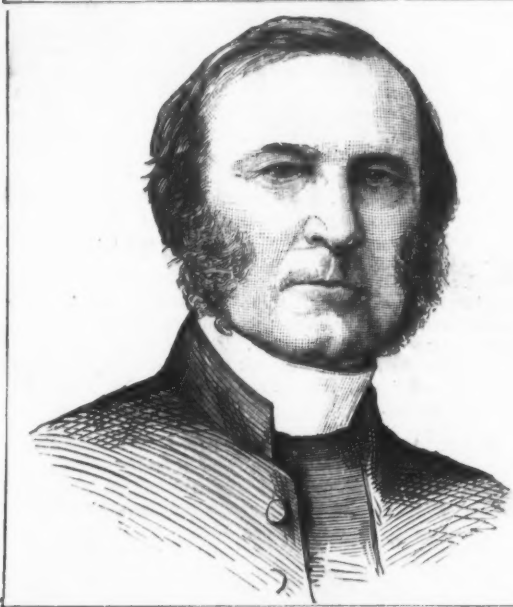
THE American system of checking baggage on transatlantic steamers has been begun at Liverpool.

THE Duke of Richmond, the largest owner of rented property in London, has reduced all his rents ten per cent.

THE Nicaraguan and San Salvadorian troops are massing on the frontier of Honduras, and an attack will probably soon be made. Honduras is reported to be in a state of insurrection.

SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE will withdraw from the Conservative leadership in the House of Commons at the close of the present session, and will be succeeded by Sir Michael E. Hicks-Beach.

— The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.— SEE PAGE 95.



GREAT BRITAIN.—RT. REV. FREDERICK TEMPLE, D.D.,
NEW BISHOP OF LONDON.



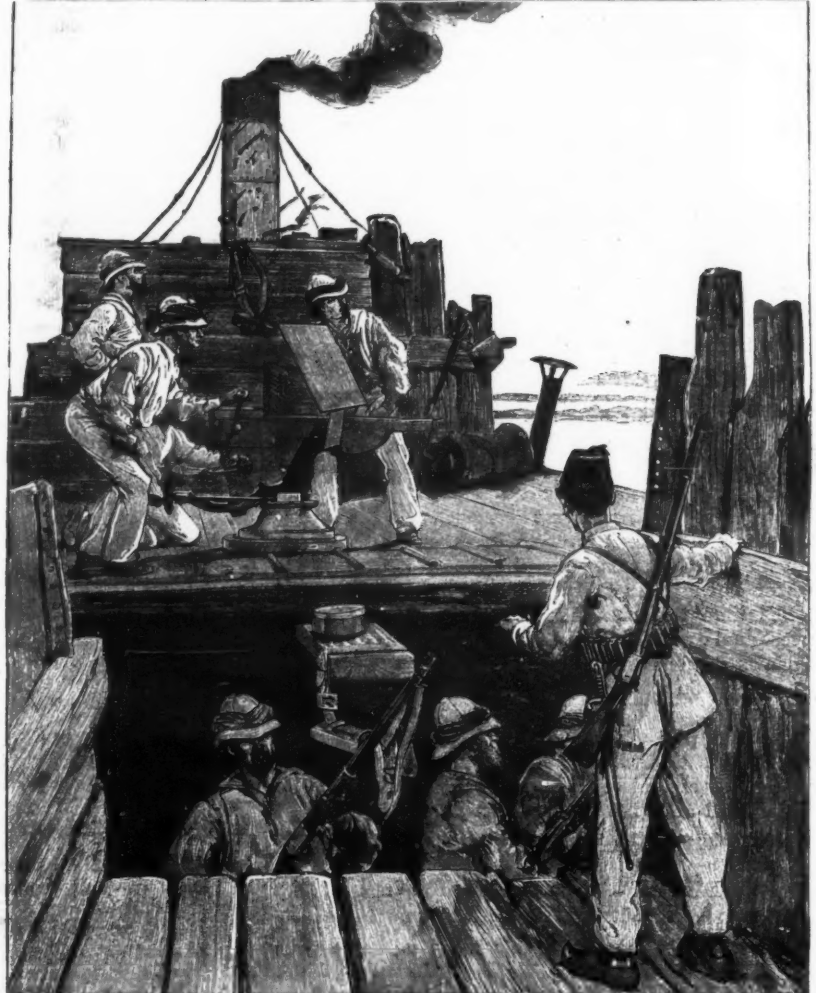
ANTON EDWARD ODYNIEC, THE POLISH POET,
JUST DECEASED.



GREAT BRITAIN.—RT. REV. EDWARD H. BICKERSTETH, D.D.,
NEW BISHOP OF EXETER.



FRANCE.—THE DORÉ EXHIBITION IN PARIS—YOUNG GIRLS OF THE ORPHELINAT DES ARTS,
BRINGING A WREATH IN MEMORY OF THEIR BENEFACTOR.



THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN.—BLUE JACKETS FIRING, FROM ONE OF GORDON'S
STEAMERS, ON THE REBELS.



THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN.—THE FIRST ATTEMPT TO TAKE THE TOWN OF METEMNEH, JANUARY 21ST.

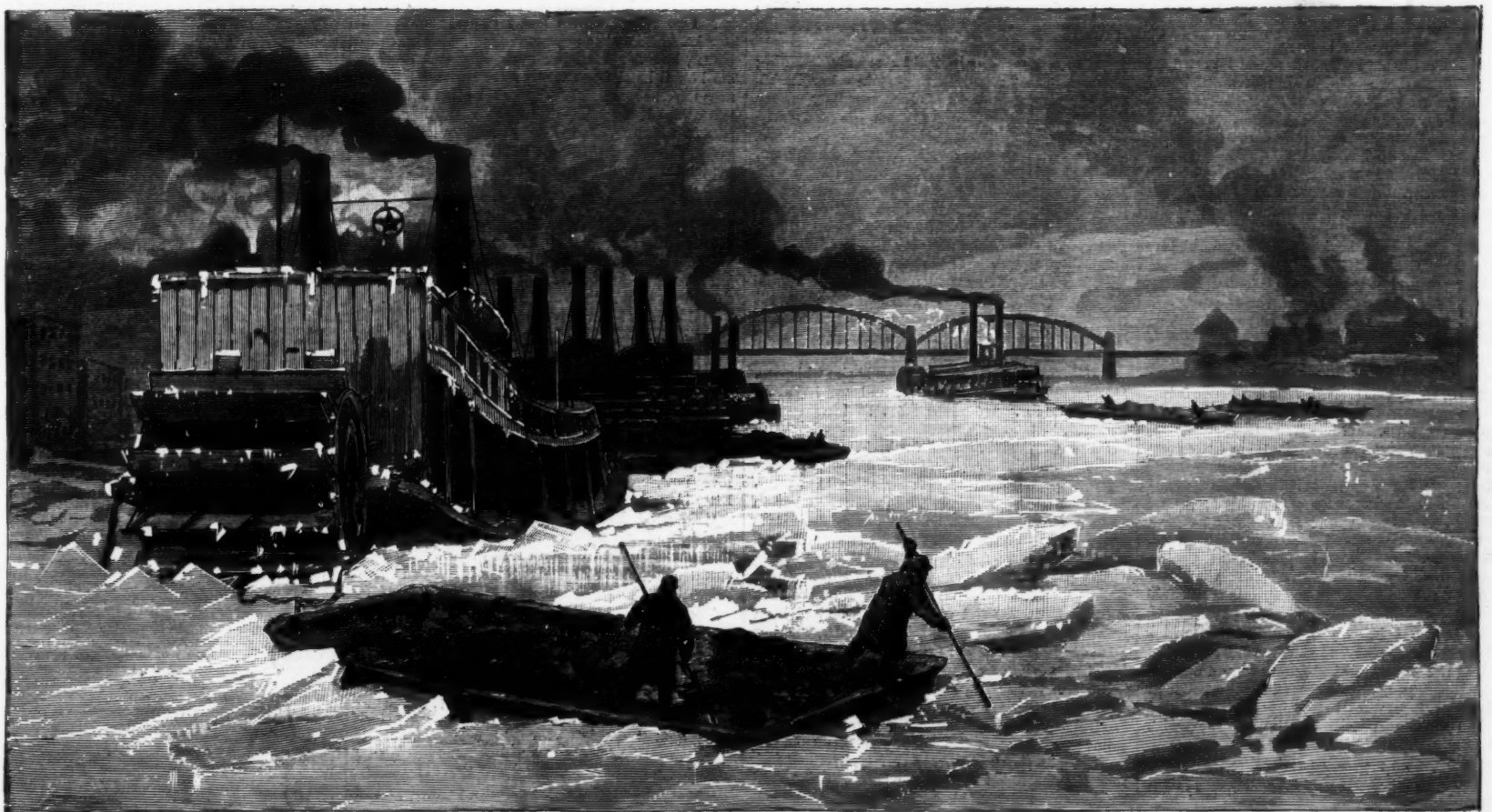


FRANCE.—MME. JANE HADING, ACTRESS.



SERGEANT PLUNKETT, FROM A PHOTO. TAKEN FOUR MONTHS AFTER THE BATTLE.

MASSACHUSETTS.—THE LATE SERGEANT THOMAS PLUNKETT, "THE ARMLESS HERO OF THE BATTLE OF FREDERICKSBURG"—HIS REMAINS LYING IN STATE AT MECHANICS' HALL IN WORCESTER. ON THE 14TH INST.
FROM A SKETCH BY ANDREW O'CONNOR.—SEE PAGE 98.



PENNSYLVANIA.—THE RECENT ICE-GORGE AT PITTSBURG.
FROM A SKETCH BY JOHN W. BEATTY.—SEE PAGE 98.

TWILIGHT.

THE Sunrise waits behind Heaven's gates,
Unclouded of lagging Morning;
In shadows slow the world below
Fore-greets it, self-adorning.

The sweet song-bird is rising heard,
The cold, gray light is growing,
To herald still on every hill
The red sun's royal flowing.

In glowing pride of prospect wide
The firmament uncloses;
And wakes to bliss with stooping kiss
The petals of the roses.

The watch-dog's sleep, serene and deep,
Breaks on the morning's breaking,
And pillowed head that mocked the dead
From dream to work is waking.

The sons of toil in earth's turmoil
Come forth ere day to labor;
And lazy wealth outsleeps his health,
To compensate his neighbor.

The world of sound springs up around,
In murmurs waxing ever;
And wearied men are armed again,
To face the long endeavor.

We know not, we, what this may be,
The mystery of ages,
Which day by day writes lives away
On unremembered pages.

But calm at least, they watch the East,
For victory or disaster,
Who firmly hold the best the old,
And Faith alone the Master.

HERMAN MERIVALE.

KITTY.

BY MADELINE S. BRIDGES.

"HAVE you been waiting long?"—"About two hours."—"I am so sorry; but the rehearsal is only just over. We have a lot of choruses for the new piece, and—they kept us so late. Why in the world did you want me to come up here? I was so surprised when the door-man gave me your note."

"I would like you sometime to have a breath of fresh air. The park is at its loveliest now. And here, sit down. This is a quiet, pretty place. I have something to say to you, Kitty."

They are two as beautiful young people, perhaps, as ever sat under a rustling canopy of green foliage, with the blue of the evening sky gleaming coolly through. The girl has an eager, innocent face, softly tinted, and framed in dark hair, lovely earnest eyes, and a bright, dimpled mouth, from which her white teeth flash as she smiles and talks. She wears a shabby hat and mantle; her hands are gloveless; yet she has the joyous air of one who lacks for nothing. The young man has an equal share of youth, grace and good looks, and is appareled in elegance and fine linen, but his face is troubled and dissatisfied. It brightens for an instant as his companion obediently takes the place beside him, and suffers him to stretch his arm along the back of the seat.

"I wonder, Kitty, if you do care for me a little?" he queries, in a sort of petulant tone.

"Oh, a little," she rejoins, smiling. "Enough to ride all this way up town to hear what you may have to say when I get here. Tell me, Jack!"

"Yes, dear, I mean to tell you," determinedly. "I came for that. Kitty, we've been a good deal to each other, haven't we? Since that dark night in Seventeenth Street, when you ran into my arms and I took charge of you—nearly six months ago, isn't it? How frightened you were! But supposing I had been just as bad a fellow as the one who was chasing you? You knew nothing about me when you allowed me to walk all that long distance with you, to your home."

"Allowed, indeed! I shall never forget how glad I was to have you! That dreadful man! Do you know he used to walk after me from the theatre nearly every night? but he never spoke to me until that night. And how I ran! Yes, indeed, I was glad to have you! Oh, Jack, do you suppose I don't know a good, lovely fellow when I see one? But I didn't see you," she added, quite soberly, after a pause; "it was too dark. The angels led me."

"They will always lead you," he says, quickly, tenderly. "Oh, Kitty, child, you will be safe wherever you go! I want you to be safe," he continues, passionately—"safe, safe and happy! I would die rather than bring you sorrow or trouble of any kind. And so, dear, I—Kitty, darling, I mustn't see you any more. This can't go on! It—well—for one thing, it maddens me! Don't you know, dear, that it can't go on? We can't see each other and be—like this!"

"What do you mean?" The smiles have gone from her face, and she draws back a little from the arm that clasps her. "Like this? Like what?"

"I tell you I can't bear it!" he answers, drawing his breath hard. "Do you think I can be your friend—always your friend and nothing more? You, so beautiful, so sweet, and all woman? But I am your friend," he adds, gently. "I speak to you, now, as your friend. It is better we should not see each other any more. I could not break from you without a word, as most men would, because I knew you would suffer, and I must speak. Oh, Kitty, if you were alone in the world, or if I were, nothing—no power on earth—should separate us. But as it is—"

"Do you mean that because you are rich and educated? Do you mean—Jack," she says, with sudden entreaty in her tone, "tell me what you mean! I see no reason, as it is, that we should part."

"Because I love you," he says, desperately. "You are taking possession of my life. A little while and I could not live without you, and you, too! More and more your heart leans towards me, and—we must part. There is no other way!"

"Is there no other way?" she asks, quietly, a bitter smile on her fair young lips. "Do men always leave the women they love?"

He looks at her with a sudden daring hope in his eyes, but they sink abashed before the innocence of her own.

"If you were alone in the world," he repeats, doggedly, "It would be different. I should not mind the inequality, the great disparity of our social standing. But you will never leave your people, Kitty, I know that! And don't you see how impossible it would be for me to bring my family to consent—to even tolerate—"

"Let me help you, Jack," she rejoins, steadily. "Don't stammer so over it! Ah, yes, indeed! I can just picture your sisters coming to call, in their elegant carriage, on your bride-elect. I can imagine them in Ninth Avenue, in our four rooms, being introduced to mother and the seven children, and father, may be, staggering in, as he does too often, poor soul, when work is slack. Can't you fancy them asking me how I like to be a chorus singer, and where our company is going next?"

"Yes, Kitty," he replies, eagerly, "that is it! If it were not for these conditions I would marry you before a month."

"Would you?" she asks, slowly. "But there are two to that bargain, if you please. You think it entirely impossible that I could say 'No' to your condescension?"

She rises from her seat, and, making the most of her height (there is not much of it), looks down at him proudly.

"I consider you guilty of a piece of great impertinence, Mr. Tremaine, in asking me to come here to listen to such speeches. I don't know what you mean by it. You will allow me, if you please, to wish you good-evening."

But he springs after her, and detains her with his encircling arm.

"Don't, don't be angry! Kitty, dearest, forgive me! I only mean—I am I wrong, all wrong, in thinking you cared for me?"

"You must not hold me," she says, breathlessly. She is pale and trembling, and her eyes flash into his with speech deeper than words. "Oh, Jack, you have stabbed me to the heart! Let me go away, now, and hide my wound. Let me go!" She breaks into a sudden passion of tears. "What does it matter, now, whether I cared for you? You—if you had ever loved me—you could never speak such words!"

"I do love you!" he cries, almost wildly. "You are not going from me in this way. Kitty, before God I love you! I ask you now to be my wife. Let us be married this very night—before we part. Come with me now if you love me"—his voice breaks in hurried pleading—"if you love me enough to take me for your husband."

But her impassioned sobbing does not check itself. In answer to his continued urging, she says, at last, brokenly:

"Oh, don't! What is the use? I know what you feel for me. Only pity, Jack! Only sorrow because you have hurt me! You are kind—but I can't marry you on that feeling. Oh, how little you have known me, Jack! How little we have known each other! Will you do something for me, dear—the only thing in God's world you can do now?"

"Oh, Kitty!"

"Well, go!" she says, vehemently. "Go! Give me a few minutes here by myself. I have to face the public"—drying her eyes quickly—"I have to face the public, and I must have time to get quiet. Jack, all's over between us. Ah, as much as if we had never met! And—if you will only leave me!"

"Dear, I will. I am going! To-morrow I shall come to your house. Ah, Kitty, if you think we two can ever part and be strangers—"

"I won't see you, Jack," she answers, quickly; "you may as well know that. I will never see you again, if I can help it."

"But you can't help it," he retorts, laughing almost joyously; and then he takes her in his arms and kisses her, but his kiss falls only on her braided hair. Her face is averted, and she struggles away from his clasp.

And Jack Tremaine? His journey down-town, when he parts from Kitty, is more like a wild flight than the usual progress of a gentleman of leisure. He is going to his home full of an impending change in his life—excited, elated, now that his mind is at the utmost altitude of a generous lover. However, at the very doorstep, almost, Fate meets him with a sudden check. As he divests himself of his overcoat, in the lower hall, his sister Lydia, always his favorite, descends to meet him, pale and tearful, and lays her pretty head against his shoulder.

"Dear Jack, such sad, sad news!" she whispers. "Poor grandfather is dying, and we have all been sent for. We must start at nine o'clock to-night."

"For Cleveland?" asks Jack, in a tone that plainly adds, "impossible." But there is no help for it. He takes time, however, to write a long, impassioned letter to Kitty. It will reach her in the morning, he thinks, tenderly, as he deposits it in the nearest pillar-box. "In any case, I shall only stay a few days in Cleveland."

But the few days lengthen into a few weeks, and more than a month has passed before Jack returns from the sad duty to which he had been summoned. The death of his grandfather has left him a large estate in Cleveland, and with it a hundred new cares and responsibilities; but he has come back to New York full of one care, of one responsibility, that has grown to be a sacred trust. He has heard no word from Kitty in all this time, no news except that the company she sang in has gone "upon the road." At the house, in Ninth Avenue, the poor, shabby rooms, where the careworn mother greeted him kindly and the children welcomed him with shouts of joy, he learned that they had heard from Kitty as far as Rochester; she had written and sent money, but it was almost ten days ago.

"And I'm beginning to be uneasy," the mother said. "She mostly sends us two or three letters a week; and it is not like Kitty to be neglectful. I'm hoping there'll be word to-morrow."

Mr. Tremaine replied with cheerful words of encouragement, and, distributing a little shower of silver among the boys, was off to look for Kitty.

At Rochester he learned that the troupe had gone to Montreal, and at Montreal that he would probably find them at Ontario. He finally caught up with them at St. Lawrence, and read, with delighted eyes, the posters at the depot announcing that—Opera Troupe would sing "Patience" at the Grand Opera House that night. The performance, he knew, must be nearly over; it was ten o'clock as he stepped from the train; but he hurried at once to the theatre, and made his way to the back-door. How natural it seemed, going round to wait for Kitty, and wondering how long it would be until she would step out, shawled and veiled, and see him standing there! But he could not wait. After a moment's deliberation he entered the passage-way, and was met, at once, by the usual impediment in the form of a doorkeeper.

"Will you be good enough to tell me if Miss Kitty Logan is singing in the chorus of this company?"

"I don't know, sir. I don't know none of the names, except the ones that's printed on the bills. This gentleman, perhaps—the stage-carpenter, Mr. Moss—he can tell you."

"Kitty Logan!" A rough, kindly-looking man came forward at sound of the name. "Do you know Kitty Logan? Are you a friend of hers?"

"I am a friend. I come from New York—from her home!" his heart sinking before the look of sympathy that flashed upon him from the shrewd blue eyes.

"Then you don't know, you haven't heard that Kitty is— She was very ill with pneumonia. We left her in Montreal in the hospital there, and one of the girls heard yesterday that she is dying."

Dying, Kitty dying! His kind, merry-hearted little comrade, with the fresh cheeks and ringing laugh, who never complained of toil, or care, or poverty; who was always rich enough to give kind words, and looks, and little acts of love. Kitty, the sweet, true woman, who had taken his heart from his breast! Dying! He staggered back a little and leaned against the wall. Then he knew that some one had put a glass of water to his lips, and felt the wind blowing on him from the open door.

"Kitty!"

But she does not stir to answer him, lying so quiet on her pillow—dark lashes resting on the wasted cheek, and her little thin hands folded against her bosom. The wide, lofty room is full of narrow white beds; nurses are gliding about in their neat uniform, with a soft murmur of talk, and Jack, pale, haggard and travel-worn, is standing by Kitty's bedside. Here, in this haven of waifs and strays, he has found her at last. His search is ended, and he stands now, with a breaking heart, looking down at the little face so still and grave, that used to welcome him with such happy smiles and blushes. He stoops at last and lays his lips on her clasped fingers, and her eyes—too tranquil—ah, too tranquil! unclosed and meet his own.

"Ah, my poor boy, my poor, old Jack! So you have come?" She clasps his strong, brown hand between her own, and lays her cheek against it with a smile of deep content. "I knew God would hear me. I prayed so earnestly to see you once before—before I die."

"Oh, Kitty, Kitty!" He can say no more for tears; he buries his face in the pillow, his hoarse, dreadful sobbing shakes the little bed. Then, too, her own tears flow silently down her wasted cheeks. She makes no sound or murmur of complaint, but her frail hand smooths and touches his bowed head from time to time with a tenderness beyond all speech. After a while he lifts his tear-stained, anguished face, looks at her with eyes in which all the old light seems quenched for ever. Then she speaks to him, her voice scarcely louder than a whisper in its heart-piercing tenderness:

"Dear, best Jack—kind, kind, good boy! But I knew you would come. How did it happen, how did you find me so far away?"

"I followed you," he answers, in a low stammering tone. "I came . . . from New York. I knew I should find you. Oh, God, I little dreamed . . . it would be here! Never mind how I came. . . . Oh, Kitty! . . . and you left me! You left me. Do you know that my heart is broken?—it is broken, dear! Do you believe it now?"—with a great, heart-rending sob—"now, when I tell you again you were all to me woman or angel can be to man. Will you believe it, Kitty—now—at last?"

"Poor Jack!" she says, with something like the ghost of her old girlish smile. "I am not much to live now, am I? There is very little left of Kitty!"

"No good looks," he answers, slowly. "No health, no joy, no strength, no brightness, but all that is worth anything on earth to me! And you speak of dying? Then I will, too. I can't live Kitty, I have no use for life!"

"Do you love me like that? Is it really true?" Her dark eyes widen with a sort of childish wonder. "Did you come all this long way to find me because you love me?"

"Because I could not live without you. Because I will not live. Do you think there is anything now I care for? Why should I try to live?"

"But you are so young, dear," she says, pitifully. "The world is all before you—where to choose—"

"My world is here," laying down his face on her hands again. "My only world! Kitty, whatever happens, oh, at least, you will marry me now? You will let me have that one poor comfort to call you my wife, if only for a day, an hour. I know

you never loved me, Kitty, I don't speak of that. I don't ask for it—"

"Oh, hush, dear, hush!" she whispers, gently, a faint color steals over her sweet, worn face. "I loved you always—from that first moment in the dark lonely street—and when I sent you from me, and when I left you without word or sign—always, always, every day and hour. And I was glad to die. I would not take your pity, Jack," with a flash of the old pride, "and life seemed nothing without your love!"

"But with my love, Kitty?" he says, passionately; "with my love?"

"I think it would be heaven, dear," she answers, very low. Her eyes droop away from his, and the color deepens in her cheek. "Make me your wife, I shall be glad to be your wife, no matter for how short a time. Oh, Jack, if God would let me live! Perhaps—perhaps He will!"

So they are married, while the setting sun streams redly in, and the sunset bells are ringing.

About a month ago Mr. Jack Tremaine sailed for Europe with his wife, a lovely brunette named Kitty, who has a fine soprano voice, and a weakness for struggling young chorus singers and poor musicians generally. Rumor says that he married her on her deathbed, and brought her back to life by sheer force of will. It is certain that she is very much alive at the present writing, and very much in love with her handsome husband.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND'S BIRTHDAY.

THE forty-eighth anniversary of the birth of President Cleveland, on Wednesday, the 18th instant, was a very delightful occasion to the inmates of the White House, as well as to the public. Not only public officials, but hundreds of people, from all parts of the country, temporarily staying in Washington, called upon the President with their congratulations. A little child, to whom the President had been particularly kind a few days before, sent the President a handsome bouquet of violets, with her card, wishing him the compliments of the season. In some cases parents, in calling, were accompanied by their children, some of whom were yet in arms, and for these, as well as the adults, Mr. Cleveland had a pleasant smile and word of welcome. Our artist has depicted one of the incidents of the day, when an obstreperous youngster, defying all entreaties, refused to shake hands with the nation's Executive. The President's "popular receptions" are becoming a feature of Washington life, but none have been more attractive and enjoyable than that of Wednesday last.

THE STANFORD MEMORIAL KINDERGARTENS.

ON page 96 we present to our readers views of the interior and exterior of one of the large Stanford Memorial Kindergartens, of San Francisco, from photographs by Taber. Since the death of his only child, Leland Stanford, Jr., Senator Stanford and his wife have devoted themselves to plans of benevolence, looking to the up-building of educational interests in California, and to the relief of the poor and the struggling. Mrs. Stanford has been particularly devoted to the Kindergarten work among the needy children of San Francisco. She has given \$11,500 to the Golden Gate Kindergarten Association for the establishment of free Kindergarten schools, five of these being already under way, embracing some 300 little children. These little ones, it is said, are devotedly fond of their kind and noble benefactress, who visits them frequently, and finds comfort in making them happy. The *Alta California* of February 22d, has the following:

"During the few months past, Mrs. Stanford has paid frequent visits to the Kindergartens which her munificent bounty established and is carrying forward. The little children have become very warmly attached to their kind and noble benefactress and friend. She talks with them in the tenderest tones, and dispenses gifts to them with her own hands. Before leaving for the East, she informed Mrs. Cooper, the Superintendent of the Golden Gate Kindergarten Association, that she desired to still further enlarge the work, and gave her \$5,000 more for that purpose. This makes the total of \$11,500 given to this Kindergarten work by Mrs. Stanford, who is Honorary President of the Association. New schools are already in process of formation. The Association is doing a great work for San Francisco."

The Golden Gate Kindergarten Association was organized by Mrs. Sarah B. Cooper, and her famous Bible-class, and until the present year, it was carried on entirely by this class. The work grew so rapidly, and became so popular in San Francisco, that it was found necessary to incorporate the Association under the laws of the State. From the Fifth Annual Report of the work we take the following. It says:

"With a monthly pledge of \$7.50, and with faith in God and goodness, the first Kindergarten Class was opened at 116 Jackson Street, in the very heart of the Barbary Coast, on October 6th, 1879. At the close of the first year there were two classes, with total receipts of \$1,805, and the statistics of the years following were: Close of second year, four classes, total receipts, \$3,227; close of third year, five classes, total receipts, \$3,440; close of fourth year, six classes, total receipts, \$4,700; close of fifth year, eight classes, total receipts, \$10,624. The total enrollment of children at the close of the last year was 342. During the present year this enrollment has been increased by 125 additional scholars. As nearly as can be estimated, the Jackson Street Kindergarten Association, during the five years of its existence, has had over twelve hundred little children under its protection and training. A large proportion of these children were under five years of age. Many of them were from two and a half to four years old. In a single class twenty-five little ones were but three years of age, and a number of them were even under that age. . . . In casting about for a new name for the incorporated society, it was found that the Board of Management had decided to call the Association after the Superintendent, as a proper recognition of her services to the work. To this Mrs. Cooper strenuously objected, and proposed, instead, the name of the Golden Gate Kindergarten Association as being suitable, not merely on account of its beautiful figurative sense, but as being a unique name among the several benevolent associations of the city. A ballot was taken, and the name of Golden Gate was unanimously adopted."

It is said that Mrs. Cooper devotes all her time to the establishment and supervision of these Kindergartens. The following is from the *New Orleans Picayune* of a late date:

"One of the most honored representative women of America is Mrs. Sarah B. Cooper, of San Fran-

cisco. She has been at the head of a great many social movements for the benefit of the people, but the great work of her life has been the securing to the little children of San Francisco free Kindergarten schools. It was Mrs. Cooper who was tried by the Presbyterian Church for heresy. The charge against her was made by a jealous, narrow-minded deacon of the church. She was unanimously acquitted of the charge. Notwithstanding her busy public life, Mrs. Cooper owns and attends to a lovely home near Golden Gate Park, in which, with her husband and daughter, she lives a wholesome, happy life.

Of the eleven Kindergartens organized by the Golden Gate Association, Mrs. Stanford supports five; and with her genial, kind and tender ministrations, in addition to her munificent financial aid, she gives strength, success and inspiration to the great and noble work. The names of Governor and Mrs. Stanford are revered and loved by all classes throughout the Pacific Coast. They "sit high" in the hearts of the people. Senator Stanford, it will be remembered, took his seat in the United States Senate on the 4th of March, having been triumphantly elected to that position, in spite of his personal protest. He bowed to the wishes of a great State and accepted the honored trust.

We also give a portrait of Leland Stanford, Jr., whose death eclipsed all the brightness of a lovely home. One who knew him well thus describes his rare character: "He was an only son—an only child. He was a boy of unusual promise. He was rarely and harmoniously endowed—physically, intellectually and morally. He was receptive and teachable, and took especial delight in the exercise of his inventive faculties, which were of a fine order, amounting almost to a genius in constructive skill and ingenuity. He was genial in spirit, delicate in taste, and pure and generous in sympathy, as was evinced by his fellowship with his young playmates and comrades. He had a sensitive, generous heart. He was especially attached to a little playfellow who was lame, and who could not join in the rollick and sports in which the irrepressible activities of well-conditioned boyhood always delight; but Leland was never so exultant in play as to forget the infirmity of his loved companion. He chastened all his sports to meet the easy reach of his less fortunate friend. It was very touching to note his gentle consideration. It would have been a fitting rebuke to the selfish thoughtlessness of many an older comrade. We can never fully estimate the wide-reaching influence of such a fresh, sweet young life."

An incident illustrating his sympathy with the unfortunate is thus narrated. While listening, one day, to a letter in regard to Kindergarten work among little needy children, he suddenly exclaimed: "Mamma, I want to help those little children. I feel so sorry for them. I want to do it right away." "You shall do it, my son," returned the glad and devoted mother. And so it came to pass that, ere the week was ended, Leland had a room full of little ones whom the loving generosity of his own home was blessing day by day, and is still blessing. Before he left for Europe, he visited these little children with his mother, and entered with keen enjoyment into all their work and play, distributing with his own eager hands the gifts and bon-bons which he brought. The little ones who shared his bounty will never forget their young and genial benefactor.

THE OKLAHOMA BOOMERS.

THE Oklahoma boomers still hold their ground at Arkansas city, on the southern border of Kansas. Under command of Captain Couch, nearly a thousand persons are in camp at that point, and the leaders declare that, spite of the President's proclamation, they will yet accomplish the purpose they have in view. The colonists are well stocked and provisioned, and their camp is in every way comfortable and agreeable. Their spirit is shown by the action taken on the receipt of the proclamation of the President warning them to desist from their proposed invasion. At a meeting held in the camp, at which over one thousand persons were present, a preamble and resolutions were adopted, reciting that the laws of the United States which provide for the removal of persons residing upon Indian lands cannot in any way apply to the Oklahoma lands; that at the present time a large number of cattle men and cattle syndicates are occupying these same lands undisturbed, with permanent improvements, for grazing and farming purposes, and they (the boomers) can see no justice or reason for the enforcement of an order in the case of actual settlers which is not also enforced upon cattle men. The resolutions are as follows:

"Resolved, That, in our opinion, President Cleveland has not been made acquainted fully with the situation, which we had hoped and believed would be done before he made any public utterance, and we yet demand a thorough and speedy investigation and explanation as to why settlers are ejected and rich syndicates allowed to remain; and, further, we condemn the misrepresentations of General Hatch, in stating to the Secretary of War that there were no trespassers now in the Indian Territory."

"Resolved, That we demand of President Cleveland an explanation of the laws and treaties governing the said Oklahoma lands by which he claims the said lands are Indian lands, and we impatiently await a most speedy reply, and we instruct our President to forward these resolutions by telegraph to President Cleveland."

We give elsewhere illustrations of the boomers' camp, and objects of interest connected with it.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN.

We add to our illustrations, heretofore given, of the war in the Soudan, one depicting the unsuccessful attack upon the town of Metemneh, on January 21st, after the British success at Gabut. The attack was abandoned after a somewhat formidable demonstration, the rebel defenses being stronger than anticipated—the houses of the town having been loop-holed and manned with riflemen, a wide space outside the walls was swept by a constant fire, making the British advance perilous and difficult in the highest degree. We also give an illustration of an incident at Shendi, on the Nile, showing the blue jackets of Lord Charles Beresford firing, at the rebels, from one of the steamers sent from Khartoum by General Gordon.

THE NEW ENGLISH BISHOPS.

The Right Rev. Frederick Temple, D. D., Bishop of Exeter, recently appointed to the bishopric of London, is the son of the late Major Temple, some time Governor of Sierra Leone. He was born November 30th, 1821, and was educated at Blundell's School, Tiverton, and Balliol College, Oxford, where he graduated with double first-class honors. After his ordination he held the Princi-

palship of the Government Training College at Kneller Hall, Twickenham, till 1855, when he was employed as a Government Inspector of Schools. Subsequently he was elected Head Master of Rugby School, a post which he held successfully for eleven years. In 1869 he succeeded Dr. Phillpotts as Bishop of Exeter. He was one of the contributors to the once-famous "Essays and Reviews," and is also the author of a volume of sermons preached in the chapel of Rugby School. The Very Rev. Edward Henry Bickersteth, appointed as Bishop of Exeter, is the son of the late Rev. Edward Bickersteth, and is sixty years of age. He graduated at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he won the Chancellor's Medals for English verse three years running. He was ordained Deacon in 1848, and since 1855 has held the Incumbency of Christ Church, Hampstead. He had scarcely been installed a month as Dean of Gloucester when he was promoted to the Bishopric of Exeter, in the place of Dr. Temple. Dr. Bickersteth has been a prolific writer, both in prose and verse. As an author, he is perhaps best known for his "Hymnal Companion to the Prayer-Book," and for his Miltonic poem, "Yesterday, To-day, and For Ever." His views are moderately Evangelical.

ANTHONY EDWARD ODYNIEC.

The celebrated Polish poet, Anthony Edward Odyneć, recently deceased, was born in Lithuania, in 1804; while completing his education at the University of Wilvabe, he made the acquaintance of Adam Mickiewicz, the foremost of modern Polish poets, and enjoyed intimate relations with him. The admirers and followers of Mickiewicz had formed a society, called the Philaretes, who were distinguished by the simplicity of their mode of life, and whose aim was to bring Polish literature to a higher standard, and at the same time to emancipate it from the trammels of the then prevalent classicism; and of this Odyneć became a member. After his degree, Odyneć published a volume of ballads and romances, which at once attained a considerable popularity. In 1829 he traveled through Western Europe, and subsequently related his experiences in a collection of letters, which are especially interesting for his account of the various persons of celebrity (Polish exiles especially) whom he encountered during his tour. After this he began to translate English and German authors. Byron, Moore and Scott were his chief favorites among the English versemen, and competent judges say that few translators have entered more completely into the spirit of their authors than did Odyneć. For some thirty years, down to 1870, he was connected with leading Polish journals, and during this period wrote several dramas, of which "Felicitas" (whose scene is laid in the early days of Christianity) is perhaps the best known. As the infirmities of age came on, Odyneć retired from his public duties, and passed his later years amid his family. A few minutes before he died he asked for a glass of water, and, having received it, said, in a faint voice, "I drink the health of that earth which will soon embrace me." More than 30,000 persons were present at his funeral, including deputations of Poles from all parts of Europe.

THE DORÉ EXHIBITION IN PARIS.

An exceedingly interesting exhibition of drawings, water-colors, engravings, sketches and works of sculpture by the late Gustave Doré was opened to the public in Paris on the 4th instant, at the salons of the Cercle de la Librairie. This collection of the works of the lamented artist, which is due especially to the zeal of M. Eugene Pion, president of the Cercle, was grouped by M. Georges Duplessis, the erudite custodian of the National Library. A large number of Doré's sketches, water-color studies, etc., contained in his studio, are also to be sold at the Hotel Drouot next month, the sale beginning on the 10th instant. Our illustration is devoted to a pretty and touching incident connected with the exhibition at the Cercle de la Librairie. On a recent Sunday morning, before the opening, twenty young girls from the Orphelinat des Arts came to place a magnificent wreath upon the easel supporting the portrait of Doré. The Orphelinat des Arts is an institution which, under the direction of Madame Marie Laurent, shelters and educates the destitute young daughters of deceased artists. Doré had shown a sympathetic interest in this work. He made numerous charitable visits to the place, and upon his death left it a substantial legacy. He is not forgotten by those whom he befriended, hence the gracious demonstration which we have recorded.

JANE HADING.

Madame Jane Hading is a young French actress, whose continuous and increasing successes for a year or two past have made her the talk of Paris and London. Her age is five-and-twenty, and she is the wife of M. Victor Koning, the manager of the Gymnase Theatre, of Paris, where M. Jules Claretie's new romantic drama, "Le Prince Zilah," is now in the midst of a brilliant run. The part of Marsa, in this piece, is played by Madame Hading; while the opposite rôle, that of the Prince, is assumed by M. Damala, the quondam husband of Sarah Bernhardt, and an actor of considerable elegance and force. Madame Hading is of medium height and good figure, possessing the gift of rapidly graceful movement, and a face whose fascination lies in its wonderful expressiveness. Her emotional powers are unusual, her style broad, and the mechanism of her art is employed with effective skill. She played in London last January in a version of "Le Maître de Forges" and in "Frou-Frou" with great success. In Paris, she has "created" the leading female parts in "Belle Lurette," "La Jolie Persane," "Autour du Mariage," "Le Maître de Forges," and "Le Prince Zilah."

STRANGE DISCOVERIES IN BRITISH GUIANA.

THE London Daily News says: "Mr. E. F. Im Thurn, the well-known explorer of British Guiana, has made another expedition to the interior of that colony with a view to ascend the Roraima Mountain. When he was last able to communicate with a friend in Georgetown, which was in the early part of December, he had ascended the slope of the mountain to a height of 5,600 feet. On his way to Roraima he passed through an Indian country in which he found an extraordinary state of things. There were no missionaries, but the Indians had built churches of their own, in which for six hours a day men, women and children were engaged in perpetually repeating the Ten Commandments and the Creed, while occasionally members of this strange congregation would increase the general discord by singing psalms or hymns. Mr. Im Thurn points out that while there is good work for a well-selected and educated man to do among these unsophisticated natives, the tendency of the system which they

have established among themselves is to withdraw them from regular habits of industry."

A PRIMITIVE CHINESE TELEPHONE.

At the last meeting of the China Asiatic Society, at Shanghai, an instrument, which was a species of primitive telephone, was presented for inspection by Dr. Macgowan, of Wenchow. It consisted of two bamboo cylinders, from 1½ to 2 inches in diameter, and 4 inches in length; one end of each was closed by a tympanum of pig-bladder, which was perforated for the transmitting string, the latter being kept in place by being knotted. This rude instrument is called the "listening tubes," and is employed for amusement as a toy, conveying whispers 40 or 50 feet. It is unknown in many parts of China, the provinces of Che-kiang and Kiangsu being the only ones, so far as can be ascertained, where the listening tubes are employed. Besides this toy, Chinese ingenuity produced, about a century and a half ago, the "thousand mile speaker." This implement is described as "a roll of copper, likened to a pipe, containing an artful device; whispered into, and immediately closed, the confined message, however long, may be conveyed to any distance, and thus, in a battle, recent instructions may be conveniently communicated. It is a contrivance of extraordinary merit." The inventor of the "thousand mile speaker" one Chiang Shun-hsin, of Huichou, flourished during the reign of Kang-hsi, during parts of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. He wrote on occult science, astronomy and foreign physics, and the above description of his invention was copied from his works into a provincial encyclopedia. At the time the latter work was published—in the reign of Kien Long—there was no longer an instrument of this kind in the province, as the ingenious invention appears to have perished with the student who contrived it.

FACTS OF INTEREST.

THE skating craze attains its highest development in the country. City people have little idea of it. A Vermont clergyman, in a recent address, expressed the idea that a moderate use of the rinks was well enough for children, but he said he had known of instances in which men had left their work, farmers even in their busy season, and gone in their overalls to the skating-rink.

PNEUMONIA has assumed almost the form of an epidemic in New York city, the number of deaths from the disease during the first seventy-three days of this year reaching the startling figure of 1,210, an increase of forty-five per cent. over last year. This remarkable mortality is attributed to the sudden changes in the temperature and the foolish habit of laying aside winter wraps and flannels when the sun gives the first hint of Spring.

THE mails from Hong Kong more than confirm the telegraphic reports of the inhuman methods pursued by the French. Trading junks, and even the smaller fishing craft, are fired into and sunk whenever they are come across, and their crews are either shot or sent to Kelung, where, without food or water, they are forced to work upon the trenches till they are helpless, and then they are bayoneted. These charges are bluntly made by the China Mail, but for the sake of humanity it is to be hoped they are untrue. That paper reports, too, that there is a great mortality from disease in the French fleet, and that there was lately a mutiny on Admiral Courbet's ship, because of the long inactivity.

THE popular Chinese practice and superstition with regard to persons in an epileptic fit are not a little curious. When a person gets an attack of epilepsy, those about him rush away for a few blades of grass, which they put into his mouth. They believe that during an attack of epilepsy the spirit leaves the body, and, there being a vacancy within, it is immediately filled by the spirit of an animal, generally a sheep or a pig, and the sound in the person's throat as he begins to revive is taken for the bleating of the one or the grunting of the other. Under these circumstances they attempt to propitiate the animal by putting grass into the man's mouth, possibly under the impression that they can entice the animal's spirit in the man to remain till his own returns; and on no consideration will they remove him till the fit is over; for, if they did, they believe his own spirit would not be able to find him again, and thus he would die.

DEATH-ROLL OF THE WEEK.

MARCH 13TH.—In Omaha, Neb., Colonel Joseph H. Taylor, U.S.A.; in San Francisco, Cal., Morris Greenwald, the Australian theatrical manager. MARCH 14TH.—In New York, Charles Tracy, the well-known lawyer, aged 75 years; in Buffalo, N.Y., Charles W. McCune, President of the Courier Company, aged 63 years; in Galveston, Tex., Captain Benjamin G. Manwaring, of Mystic, Conn., aged 44 years. MARCH 16TH.—In New York, the Rev. Dr. George J. Geer, rector of St. Timothy's P. E. Church, aged 60 years; in Mount Carmel, Pa., Professor J. L. Richardson, editor of the Bloomsburg Journal. MARCH 17TH.—At Highland Falls, N. Y., Susan Warner ("Elizabeth Wetherell"), novelist, aged 67 years; in New York, Dr. Thomas S. Norbury, of the Stock Exchange, aged 63 years; in Lynn, Mass., George W. Mudge, a well-known mercantile man, aged 74 years; in Terre Haute, Ind., C. O. Thompson, President of the Rose Polytechnic Institute; in Philadelphia, Pa., George H. Haines, mercantile appraiser. MARCH 18TH.—In New York, Gordon W. Burnham, a well-known millionaire merchant, aged 82 years; in New York, the Rev. Patrick W. Brennan, curate of St. Gabriel's R. C. Church, aged 35 years; in New York, Captain Simeon Gage, an old resident of the Ninth Ward, aged 75 years; in Jacksonville, Fla., Colonel Francis E. Whitfield, a well-known lawyer. MARCH 19TH.—In Vicksburg, Miss., Elza Jeffords, formerly Representative in Congress from the "Shoestring District," aged 59 years. MARCH 20TH.—In New York, Police Inspector Thomas W. Thorne, aged 62 years; in Brooklyn, N. Y., ex-Alderman William F. Aitken, aged 53 years; in Brooklyn, N. Y., George W. Bell, a well-known ship-builder; in Florida, Levi Kerr, a well-known millionaire of Cleveland, O., aged 60 years.

THE banking firm of Harvey Fisk & Sons, which has just begun business in the new Mutual Life building, in this city, corner of Nassau and Cedar Streets, will need no introduction to the business community. The head of the new house, for many years senior of the well-known firm of Fisk & Hatch, made a name and credit of the very highest, and the sons have already shown that they are "chips of the old block." The new firm will soon be as well and favorably known as the old.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

Boston is about to erect a new building for its public library, the City Council having appropriated \$450,000 for the purpose.

THE Emperor William has consented that the newly acquired German colonial possessions in New Guinea shall be called "Emperor William's Land."

THE Aeronautical Society of Great Britain is confident that the problem of aerial flight will be solved before long, and it is seeking to hasten this end by holding an exhibition of balloons and motors in London next month.

A SORT of controversy as to which town has the tallest Sheriff is being carried on in Georgia. Montgomery County claimed the honor, but Ware County now comes to the front and wrests it from her, claiming that her Sheriff, S. F. Miller, stands six feet five inches high in his stockings.

HIGH license in Illinois brings into the Treasury \$1,500,000 from the City of Chicago alone. The liquor interest is anxious to reduce the whisky license from \$500 to \$250 per annum, and they have secured the favorable report of a Bill to that effect in the lower branch of the Legislature.

It is reported that hundreds of the inhabitants of the southwestern counties of Virginia are emigrating to the Western States. The country they leave consists of blue-grass grazing lands and is fertile, but owing to the want of railroad communication and the disaster of last year's drought, the movement approaches an exodus.

THE Cincinnati Commercial Gazette says: "The policy of the Administration as to breakfast meets the general approbation of the country." To which the Chicago Times responds: "But are references to the President's eight o'clock breakfast likely to be very pleasant reading for a Democratic tiger that doesn't get any breakfast at all?"

THE Supreme Court of Iowa has rendered an opinion affirming the constitutionality of the Prohibition law. The opinion is conclusive and complete. It sustains the validity of injunctions to abate the nuisances which exist as saloons, and in every particular maintains the provisions of the Act as it stands on the statute-books of the State.

ACCORDING to the London correspondent of the London Times, cholera has already appeared at Toulon. It was brought by wounded troop transports, no care being taken to prevent infected soldiers from landing. Toulon is described as in a worse condition, as regards filth, than in last July. The outlook for France is very serious.

THE Rhode Island Legislature has passed a Bill proposing a constitutional amendment prohibiting the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors to be used as a beverage. The Senate of the State has passed a resolution proposing an amendment to the Constitution which shall give every woman the right to vote under the same conditions as men.

STORIES of the horrible suffering of Kansas cattle during the Winter are now getting into print. The streams have been frozen to the bottom, and cattle, in "rustling" for water, have fallen on the ice, and, too weak to rise, have frozen by hundreds. Again, in a wind, cattle bunched in big herds for warmth, the weakest being driven to the centre and crushed to death. Heaps of these dead cattle dot the prairies.

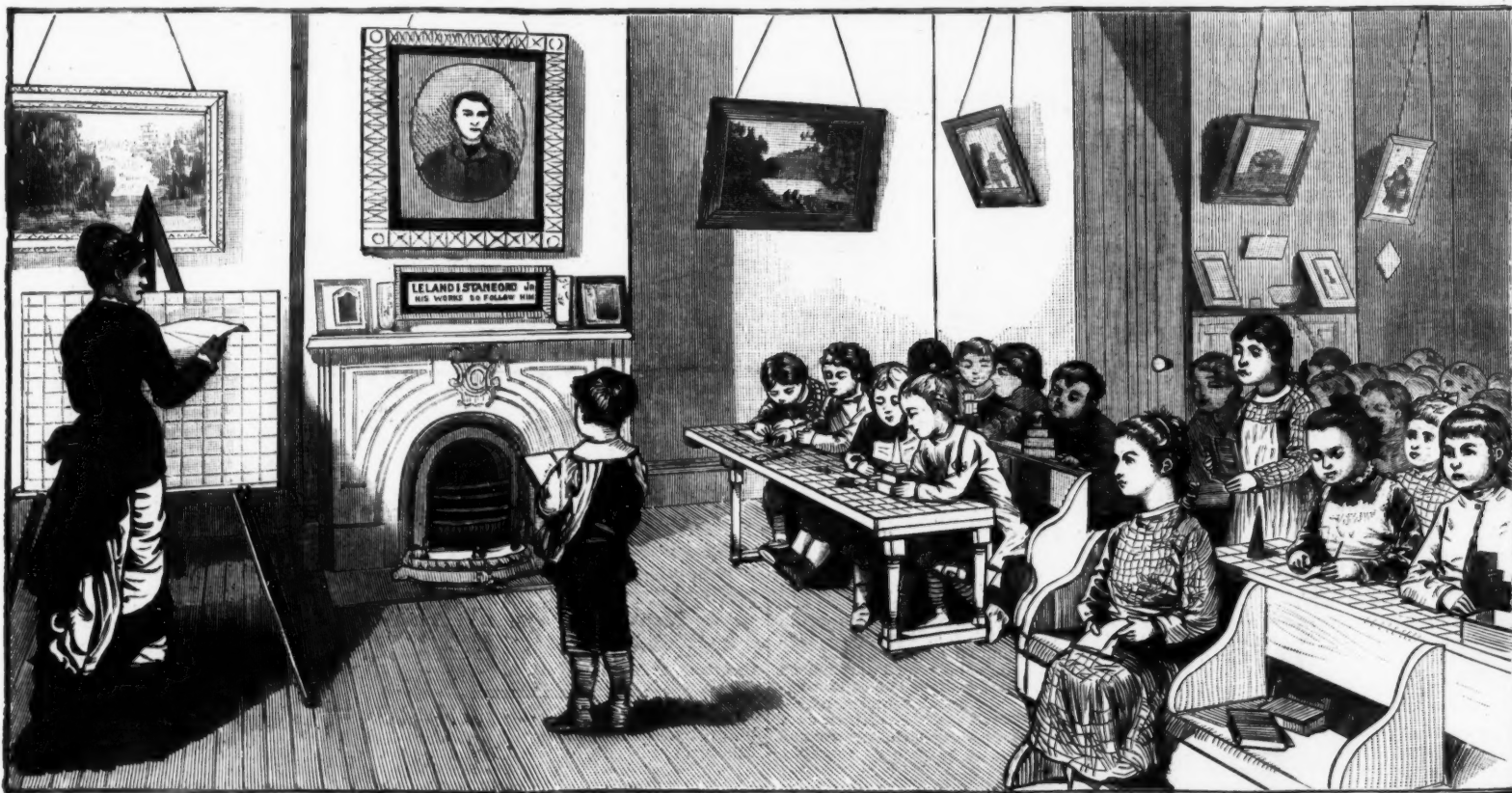
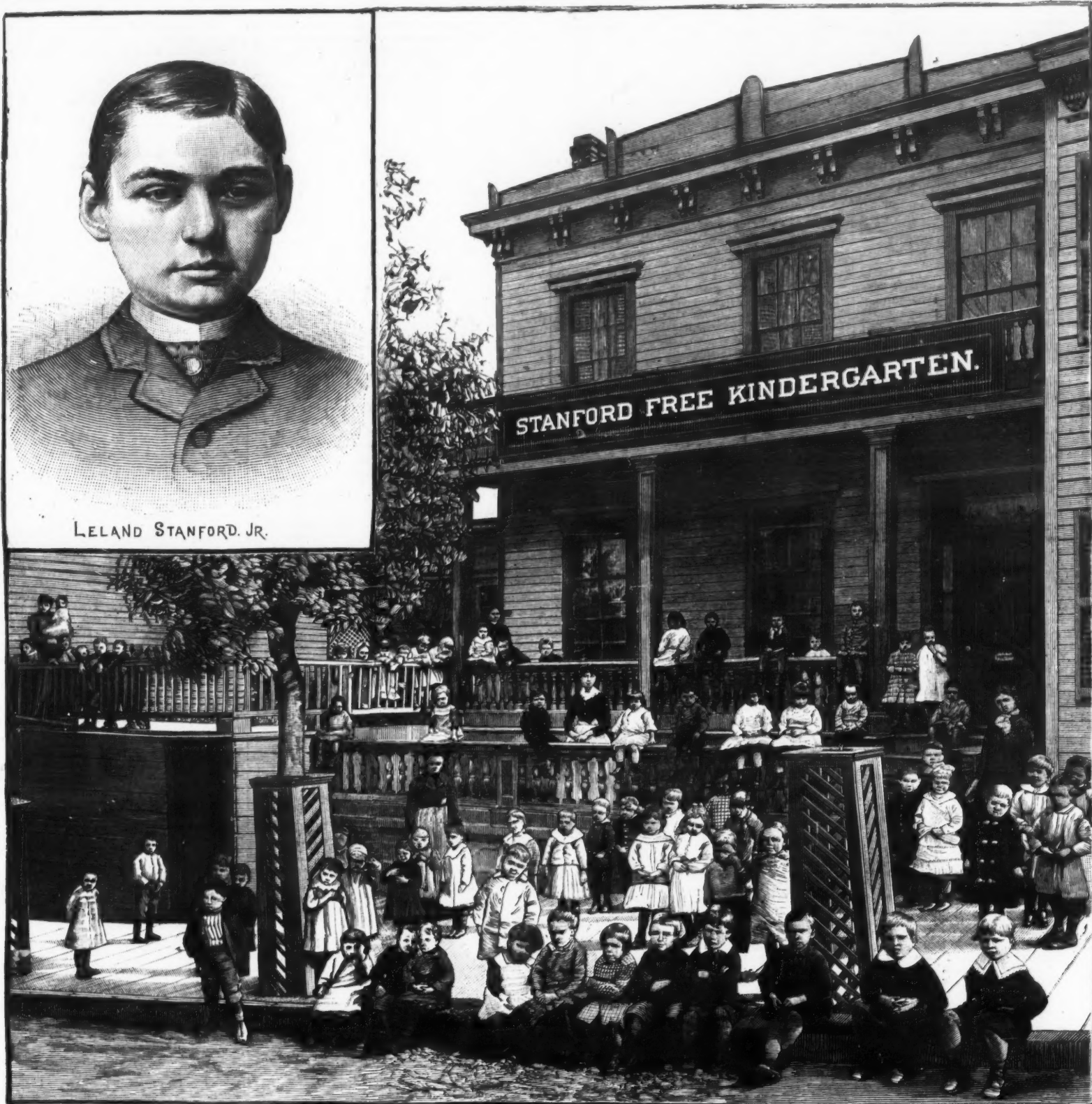
THE American Society for Psychical Research (Boston) starts with eighty members and fifty associates. Their first investigation will be given to the phenomena of "thought transference," or the mental images which pass from one person to another, without following any known channels of communication. The fact that such transmissions exist constitutes the most remarkable announcement yet made by the English Psychical Society—evidently the model upon which the Boston association is formed.

THE New York World's St. Petersburg correspondent tells of a terrible famine raging among the peasantry in the northeastern part of the province of Archangel. In one district, lying between the Mesen and Washka Rivers, thirty thousand persons are a prey to famine typhus, which is killing them as fast as Asiatic cholera. And, to make matters worse, a number of heartless speculators have bought up every pound of meal and corn in the famine districts and will not sell it for less than three rubles per pound, which puts it beyond the reach of the starving peasants.

THE Royal College of Surgeons of Ireland has voted to admit women to the examination for the letters testimonial of the college. A new charter has been applied for, and, as soon as it is granted, all posts in the college will be free to women, and they will be allowed to hold professorships. The Royal College of Surgeons is now the third Irish medical society which admits women students to equal facilities with men. The list of medical women in England, whose diplomas entitle them to enter their names on the British register of duly qualified medical practitioners, now numbers forty-five.

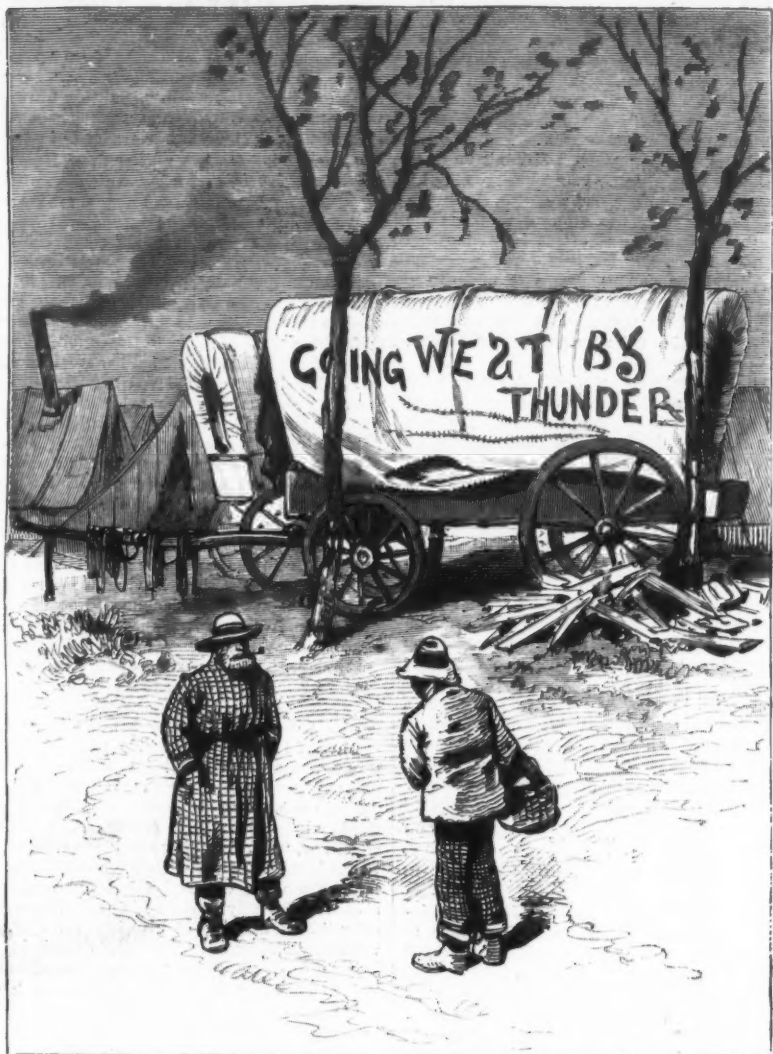
THE Philadelphia Telegraph says: "If President Cleveland takes hold of the Indian question with a real purpose to do justice to the red men, he will do a work even greater than the instituting of economical reforms in the Government departments. He is said to be considering the advisability of revoking President Arthur's order throwing open the Crow Creek Reservation in Dakota. This case is but one in many in which it has been practically held that the red man has no rights that the white man is bound to respect. The whites wanted the rich lands in the Crow Reservation, so, despite oaths, treaties, and promises, the Indian was 'moved on.' It will soon be seen whether Mr. Cleveland elects to place himself on this general subject; no subject could better test his strength and his real nobility of character."

It is said that there are now in the United States 400 firms and individuals engaged in the manufacture of roller-skates. The monthly product cannot be far from 300,000 pairs. Connecticut and Massachusetts are large producers, and there is a busy nest of manufacturers in and around Richmond and Muncie, Ind. Richmond alone has some eighteen different concerns engaged in this line of manufacture, turning out one-third of the product of the United States. One leading manufacturer is netting, it is claimed, \$1,000 a day from the manufacture and sale of roller-skates alone. The profits to manufacturers and retailers are enormous. Most of the best skates turned out cost only fifty-five cents a pair. They are sold to the hardware men by the gross at \$1.35 per pair, and are retailed at \$6. The demand for the skates, instead of declining, seems rather to be increasing. On February 1st it was estimated that there were 40,000 rinks in the country. There are now probably not less than 45,000 to 50,000.

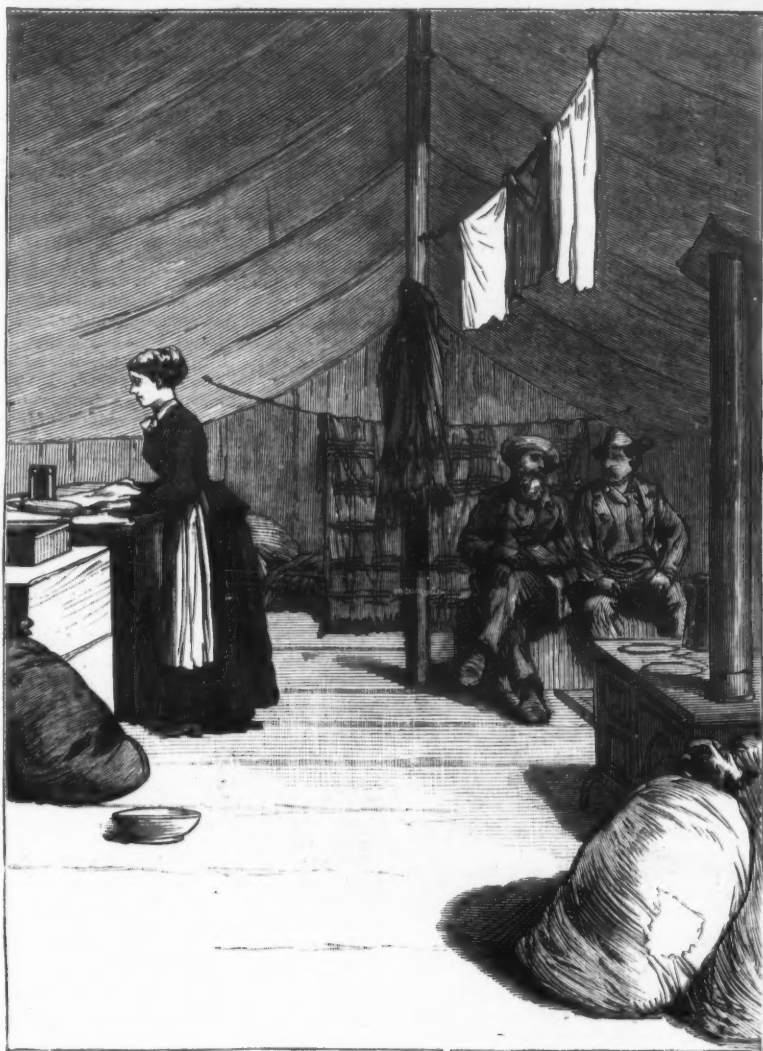


CALIFORNIA.—THE STANFORD MEMORIAL KINDERGARTENS IN SAN FRANCISCO—EXTERIOR AND INTERIOR VIEWS OF SCHOOL NO. 1.

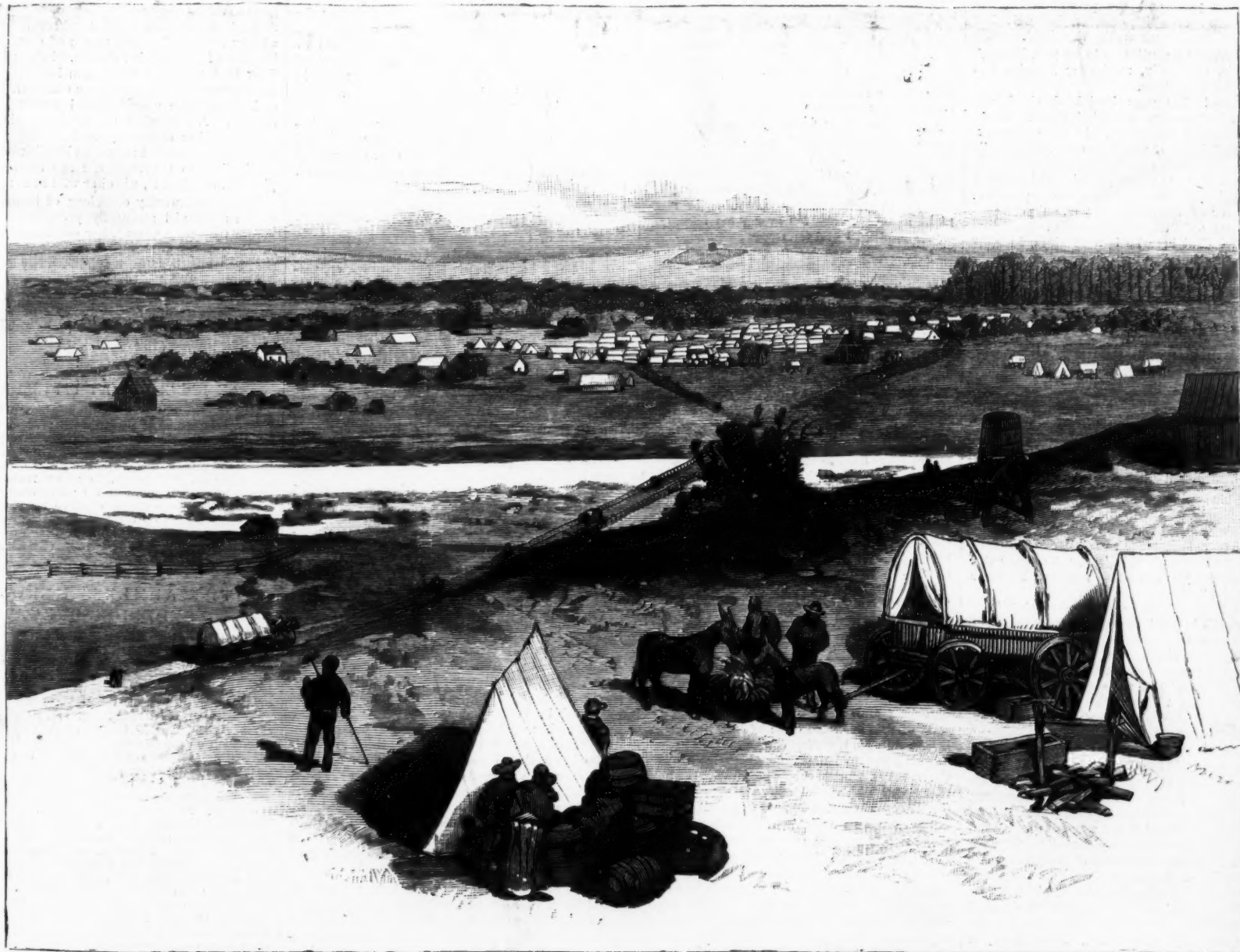
FROM PHOTOS. BY TABER.—SEE PAGE 94.



A BOOMER'S OUTFIT NEAR THE EAST CENTRE OF THE CAMP.



INTERIOR OF A TENT.



KANSAS.—THE BOOMERS' INVASION OF OKLAHOMA—VIEW OF THE CAMP AT ARKANSAS CITY.
FROM SKETCHES BY H. WORRALL.—SEE PAGE 95.

THE SILENT WITNESS.

CHAPTER XII.—THE CAPTAIN'S ARM-CHAIR.

THE room in which Maurice found himself was itself a minor surprise, in its evident struggles after refinement under adverse circumstances.

The flower-vases that flanked the harsh-voiced, ugly little clock on the unpainted pine mantel-shelf had once been costly, as well as handsome, though their value, as well as their beauty, had been materially diminished by sundry snips and chips, over which bandages of yellow paper had been pasted with rude surgery. A glass-covered case of wax flowers, serene and yellow now from atmospheric influences, was placed carefully over a big crack in the marble top of the little centre-table. Capacious easy chairs, suspiciously propped against the wall in far corners of the room, seemed, in the decrepitude of old age, to ask for that support they had so freely rendered in the lusty vigor of their own youth. The heavy damask curtains served the double purpose of shutting out the dreariest of landscapes and cloaking numberless little sins against aesthetics within the barn-like room. Probably, in Jessie's baby-days, they had been things of beauty; but now (together with the contemporaneous carpet, that had been trodden and muddled and swept and muddled over again, until nowhere, save under the big immovable chest of drawers and under the decrepit arm-chairs in the far-away dark corners, could the faintest tracery of its once gorgeous flowers be discovered) they were nothing but moth-eaten relics. Over all the poverty-stricken gentility of the apartment seemed written, in characters of dust and decay: "In memoriam of better days."

Leaving Maurice motionless in the doorway, Jessie advanced with reverent caution towards a large chintz-covered arm-chair, the high back of which rendered its occupant totally invisible from the door.

Leaning quietly over this tall back, the girl called, in a caressing half-whisper:

"Mopsy, pretty Mopsy!" and let a kiss fall as softly as a snowflake on the closed lids of the mother whom she thought "must look like the angels."

"I am not asleep, child. I only closed my eyes to rid them of the hideous outlook from those windows. Do drop the curtains—everything is so dismal. What do you want of me, Jessie? Is it dark? Then, perhaps, you can remain in the house long enough to prepare me a decent cup of tea. And light a lamp, child, do; it gives me the horrors to sit moping here in the dark. Night is the only jailer that can keep you under shelter, you poor little savage! There, child, don't kiss me as if it had been ages since you saw me last!"

The voice was weak and querulous, but the English was pure and the pronunciation was English—two facts which occasioned the liveliest surprise to the listener on the threshold.

"I've brunged a gentleman to see you, Mopsy," says Jessie, cheerfully, motioning Maurice forward at the same time.

"Brunged! My poor benighted child, will you never become at least semi-civilized? Where is your so-called gentleman? In all your savage young life, I doubt if you have seen half a dozen men deserving that appellation."

"I don't just see what apples is got to do with it, Mopsy, but I'm sure this is a simon pure 'un. He talks for all the world like yur, an' poor pa—not like me an' Dick an' the rest of the fellers 'bout here. But here he is to speak for himself," Jessie retorts, totally unabashed by her mother's threadbare strictures upon her ignorance.

Mrs. Loring shivered, whether with cold, or at Jessie's persistent heathenism, Maurice had no means of determining. For, with the unexpected announcement that the "simon pure gentleman" had been all that while close behind her chair, Mrs. Loring started nervously from the cushions among which, with listless languor, she had subsided into a limp white ball, and stood up to receive her guest with all the quiet dignity of a duchess.

"Jessie was right," Maurice said to himself, as he accepted the delicate hand held out to him with charming grace. "This dainty lady, with her lily skin and blue-veined temples and wonderful eyes, is surely nearer of kin to the angels than to the savages about her."

"His name is Raymon', ma," Jessie resumed, "and, Mr. Raymon', this is my Mopsy, an' a purtier Mopsy you can't find nowhere, I'll bet a horse on it!"

"Jessie!" Mrs. Loring sighed, reproachfully.

But Jessie's loquacity and good nature and bad grammar were exhaustless.

"An' here's a chair. You just take a seat an' set down, an' you can tell ma all about your scrape with the boys, an' how me an' Billy brunged you home, an' ma can tell you all about how she hates Texas, an' how she never wanted to come here, nohow, while I stir that good-for-nothin' Sallie up with a sharp stick; for blessed a mouthful of supper'll yur get if I set here an' play lady. (Even if I knowed how to play it at the best.) I call ma 'my bird,' wen feedin'-time comes, Mr. Raymon', she do peck at everything so dainty-like, turnin' her precious old head this a way an' that a way, lookin' at her food sort uv suspicious-like. Only the birds don't turn up their noses at everything, like my Mopsy does. I reckon they find the world good 'nough as the Lord made it, which Mopsy don't. Some-how-r-nother, this world ain't good 'nough for Mopsy, or Mopsy's too good for the world. I ain't quite clear which. Which does you think 'tis, Mr. Raymon'?"

Bustling affectionately about the arm-chair all the while she was thus making known to their guest her mother and some of that lady's idiosyncraticies, Jessie had drawn the faded cashmere scarf still closer about the maternal shoulders, smoothed back the thinning bands of bright hair, till she brought to view two transparent little shells of ears, patted the folds of the worn black-silk dress a little smoother over the knees, adjusting her mother generally very much as one might adjust a favorite doll, with whose superior and beloved excellence one wishes to impress every new beholder.

Watching the two, Maurice came to several correct conclusions and to as many more incorrect ones.

Mrs. Loring was Jessie idealized, he thought, correctly. The bright wavy hair, the wonderful tender eyes, so large, so blue, so trustful in expression, the pure white complexion, were common to both women originally. The difference was that between a wild weed, grown upon rocky soil, buffeted by wind and storm, uncultivated, uncared for, and that same weed under hot-house culture.

Another and a better difference there was in favor of Jessie, the wind-nursed weed. It was the wonderfully winning, outspoken bravery of the girl. There was the fresh breeziness of nature unsoiled, untrammelled, in every word she spoke, every sentiment she conched in her uncouth English, and the protecting tenderness she exercised towards the fragile author of her being, was so all-absorbing, so patient and, withal, so unique, that it won Maurice Raymond's sincerest admiration.

There is the making of a noble and superb woman in this little Texas savage, he thought, correctly, again.

Upon two points, however, he failed altogether in satisfying himself with theories.

Though time and hardships had evidently dealt severely with the delicate beauty of the woman before him, there was enough of cultured refinement still about her to make him marvel how she ever came to be left adrift in these Texas wilds. And how she ever came to have such a semi-savage for a daughter as Jessie, despite her brave championship of himself, and her filial devotion to her mother, undoubtedly was.

But as yet he only saw through a glass darkly. All these busy conjectures kept him stupidly silent for full a moment after Jessie had departed, singing and whistling in her own boisterously cheerful fashion, to see to the supper arrangements.

An embarrassed cough from Mrs. Loring aroused him to the necessity of explaining his unceremonious demand upon her hospitality.

"I am afraid, madam," he began by saying, "that my uninvited presence may seem to you an impertinence. I can only say, in apology, that Miss Loring discovered me in most distressful plight and kindly offered me the hospitality of her home for the night. The lateness of the hour, and my total ignorance of the route I should take in order to reach any town, made me accept her offer with an eagerness only excusable on the score of my great extremity."

"I assure you, sir," his hostess answered, with earnest cordiality, "you are doubly welcome as a stranger, with the stranger's claim upon us, and as a citizen of the civilized world wherein I once had my own care-free existence. It is a positive boon to me now to meet a gentleman."

A faint flush dyed her delicate cheeks, and she paused, as if regretting her too ready appeal to the sympathies of an entire stranger, coughed again, drew her scarf still closer about her slender white throat, and turned her large eyes away from Maurice to gaze wistfully into the star-lit night, and a stillness fell over them both.

"I am afraid I find you somewhat of an invalid, Mrs. Loring," says Maurice, presently, for the silence is getting oppressive, and he wonders if his hostess meditates going to sleep right then and there.

"No, sir; not an invalid in the proper sense of the word. You only find me a woman weary to the verge of sickness of the utter incompatibility between herself and her surroundings," she sighed.

Poor, weak vessel! The temptation to pour the tale of her woes into ears sufficiently civilized to appreciate their immensity was almost too great to be resisted. But remembering that in the world to which she used to belong, and to which this elegant stranger now belonged, the worst of all sins was a sin against good taste, and that to entertain a guest with a jeremiad of private grievances was just such a sin, she steered free of the soliloquy, and, by adroitly substituting *tuum* for *meum*, placed herself and guest upon safer ground.

"I infer from my daughter's allusion to a 'scrape with the boys' (I can scarcely bring myself to quote that poor child's rough language), that you have been in some trouble to-day, from which my little hoyden was instrumental in relieving you. Would you mind telling me all about it?"

Maurice did not mind, but, with rekindled indignation and disgust, told Jessie's mother the story of that troubled day; of how he had been betrayed by his traveling companion; of how near he had come to being ignominiously sent out of the world as a horse-thief; of how his not having made that disgraceful exit, was due entirely to the brave championship of her wild daughter, Jessie (for he totally disbelieved the statement that the Texans had returned to liberate him).

Mrs. Loring shuddered, and said, excitedly: "It is a barbarous, vile country! And if God will but spare the feeble spark of life in my wasted frame for a few short months longer, Jessie and I will look our last upon it. Would you believe it, sir, there are presumptuous members of that very gang of so-called 'Regulators,' into whose power you fell to-day, who dare to fancy they may aspire to my daughter's hand."

"Impossible!" said Maurice, indignantly.

"Indeed, yes, but——"

But just then the door opened, and followed by that "good-for-nothin' Sallie," who, in turn, was followed by quite a retinue of servitors of varying sizes and degrees of good-for-nothingness, Jessie reappeared, trundling before her, with a greater display of strength than grace, a circular table, which she sent with a waltzing motion on one leg, until it brought up with a thud against the arm of Mrs. Loring's big chair, causing the chair and the lady to give a little convulsive start.

"My daughter!"

"No harm done, Mopsy, but I didn't mean to butt the captain's arm-chair quite so hard." Then, with a great bang and a clatter, she began her preparations for the evening meal, all the while dispensing her observations impartially between her mother, Maurice, Sallie, "the good-for-nothin'," and the gaping groups of underlings, who regarded Maurice with something of that opened-mouthed amazement with which we may presume the noble red man greeted Columbus's first appearance.

"Well, Mr. Raymon', you're not sorry to see grub comin' at last, I reckon; them rascally boys didn't give you a oyster supper before tyin' you up, I suppose? Do you call them bullets or biscuits, Sal? for I always likes to get names straight before offering things to folks. That's right, Pete, pour all the coffee on the carpet, that's just what I made it for; you never saw a white man before, did you, Jimmie? He won't eat you, he's hungry 'nough, but not quite hungry 'nough for that; clear out, all of you, you're more in my way than any help. You're not to think my ma's got no feet, Mr. Raymon', nor that she can't walk on 'em, too. Mopsy's got two of the purtiest sort uv little feet, an' she's spry as a cricket on 'em when she wants to be. But you see that big chair, she's almos' swallered up in? We call that the captain's arm-chair. Pa was the captain, an' he stuck to that chair like his heart stuck to his body till the day he died, an' now ma seems like she was glued to the captain's arm-chair. That's why the supper comes to her 'stead of her going to the supper."

Whatever may have been Mrs. Loring's views on the subject of a proper reticence towards strangers, it was evident her daughter did not share them.

Maurice was tempted to smile at Jessie's rattle-brained nonsense, but, chancing to glance at Mrs. Loring, all inclination to smile was merged into the profoundest astonishment.

The soft languor and pretty invalidism, that had seemed to render even articulation a labor to Jessie's mother, had vanished, and her large blue eyes were fixed upon her flippant daughter with a gaze in which anger, dismay, menace and warning, seemed to struggle for the mastery, while involuntarily her frail little hands clutched with a protecting clasp the arms of the big chair. Maurice's surprised eyes finally caught her glance, and with a flushed face she turned her attention once more to her duties as hostess, gracefully motioning him to a seat at the supper-table, muttering at the same time some sentimental commonplace about relics, and dead husbands, and attachments to little things, none of which in the least deceived Maurice, who, when he lay down that night in the hardest of hard beds in the comfortless spare chamber of the Loring mansion, was morally sure that the "captain's arm-chair" was of more importance to the captain's widow than "relics and dead husbands and attachments, etc., etc., etc.," or than even the indiscreet Jessie was cognizant of.

CHAPTER XIII.—MRS. LORING WAKES CONFIDENTIAL.

IN spite of the fatigues of the day, the hardness of his bed, and the mental excitement incident upon his encounter with the Regulators, or, perhaps, because of them, Gregory slept a profoundly oblivious sleep until late the next morning, when a smothered message came through the key-hole informing him that "White folks was a-waitin' brekfus for 'im."

Then he awoke to a new day, a new sensation, and a new load of anxiety.

What was the new day to him, but a fresh link that time had forged upon the iron chain of disasters that bound him to misfortune's wheel? Just so many more hours for him to brood in, for Catherine to repent in, for his little child to forget him in.

What was the new sensation but a new pain? For the first time in his life he felt like an impostor.

The women who had found him a stranger and taken him in were pure, true, good women, both of them, he felt quite sure. The wild little Prairie Princess, no less than her cultured mother. And those true, unworldly-wise women were disposed to treat him with all the kindness and courtesy due an honored guest.

Not from any merit in me, he thought, in all humility, simply from their own excess of goodness.

They have taken me so entirely upon trust that I would be baser than one contemplated crime could make me, if I allowed myself to impose upon their goodness. What would they think and do if they knew that I had given them an assumed name, or that my real name was being associated with the crime of murder?

No matter; he would breakfast with them, thank them for their goodness to him, bid them farewell, and go his way, to be forgotten by them as completely as any other chance wayfarer they were never to see again.

"Go my way!" he repeated aloud. "Where to, and upon what?" For, suddenly glancing about the strange apartment, it flashed upon him that the clothes he wore were the sole earthly possession left him. Then he flushed hotly to think how he had allowed himself to be duped by his fellow-traveler. When the Regulators had first dashed furiously into sight, his companion had hastily

urged him to intrust his satchel and purse to his keeping. "My beast, he had said, is the better animal; I know the country; they will liberate you as soon as they find you have nothing valuable about you, and when they clear out I'll join you again." And Gregory had trustfully handed over his valuables for safe-keeping.

Yesterday, when about (as he thought) to lose his life, no other loss was recognizable, "who stole his purse then, stole trash." But how to proceed without that trash to-day was a problem of vexing importunity. (This was his new load of anxiety.)

"I need a keeper," he muttered. "How often I've heard her say that self-same thing, when I'd be forgetting something, as I almost always was." And in his present loneliness and destitution it came to him, as it had never come before, to acknowledge how largely his wife's duties had partaken of that nature. "Does she miss me, and all my troublesome ways, still? Or has she gotten used to my absence and even begun to adjust herself, with a sense of relief, to the conditions of her widowed life? I know I tried her sorely at times, but I loved her, oh, I loved her so, until—and even then—doubting the evidence of my own eyes—hungering to find myself the victim of some fatal mistake—yet fearing to trust myself in her presence while my frenzy was upon me, did I not do all that a man could do to discover the truth? Did I not plead with her in the letter that Eva Clay solemnly swore to carry to Medway in person, to write me one little word, 'Come,' if I did not see her in the office of that murdered man? Did I not tell her that, leaving that letter unanswered, would be an acknowledgment of her guilt? And did not Eva Clay, returning to me, assure me that she had put that letter in my wife's possession. What room for doubt? What room for hope? Why could she not have left her honor in my safe-keeping? Why must she take vengeance into her own rash hands and stain the ermine of her womanly purity with the hideous crime of murder? God! how can I sleep—how can she breathe—for the thought of it!"

Again came that smothered summons through the key-hole. Obeying it this time, he found the small boy, "Pete," waiting outside to conduct him to the breakfast-room—Pete's amazement at this influx from the civilized world not having yet abated sufficiently to close his gaping mouth, or relax the startled gaze of his wide-open eyes. He was a small image of "Wonder," done in bronze.

Following the little bare, shuffling feet of Wonder, Gregory found Mrs. Loring, black silk, faded cashmere scarf, big chair, all—so precisely as he had left them the night before—that he wondered if the faded duchess had not spent the night in the captain's arm-chair.

But in Jessie there was a very decided change for the better.

Her bright hair, burned to a reddish tint by reckless exposure to the sun, had evidently been coiffured by more skillful hands than the little dimpled freckled ones that had flourished the ox-goad so dexterously the day before. It was braided and coiled about her pretty head coronet fashion, adding some inches and plenty of dignity to the bearing of the Prairie Princess. It was also evident that maternal persuasion had prevailed in the matter of a very stiff linen collar, that chafed and fretted the unaccustomed throat into sore redness. A somewhat old-fashioned silk apron completed her costuming, and seemed to Jessie something calculated to excite ridicule rather than admiration, so nervously did she crease it, and pinch it, and jerk it, with her wild little fingers.

Feeling awkwardly conscious of being "fixed up," as the girl scornfully pronounced herself before Gregory's advent, her consciousness crept into her morning salutation, making it the shyest, prettiest greeting imaginable. All her boyish independence and dashing bravado seemed to have disappeared with her ponies, her ox-whip and the Regulators, making her, in the eyes of the guest, a charming sample of budding womanhood.

(To be continued.)

AN ICE-GORGE AT PITTSBURG.

OUR picture on page 93 illustrates an incident of the greatest possible interest to the coal interest of Pittsburg—an ice-gorge. Every Spring the ice which gathers in the mountain streams during the Winter is discharged in great masses, and, sweeping on resistlessly, in many instances the losses to coal-shippers and boat-owners are immense. The steamers lie close to the shore, fired up, ready either to protect themselves or go to the rescue of any unfortunate barge which may break from its fastenings, as shown in our illustration.

'THE ARMLESS HERO OF FREDERICKSBURG.'

ON page 93 we give a portrait of the late Thomas Plunkett, Sergeant in the Twenty-first Massachusetts Regiment, widely known as "The Armless Hero of Fredericksburg," who died at his home in Worcester on the 10th instant. The story of the sergeant's distinguished valor in the memorable battle of Fredericksburg, Va., fought on December 13th, 1862, is briefly as follows: On the afternoon of the day named the brigade to which his regiment belonged was ordered to charge the impregnable position of the Confederate forces on Marye's Hill, just back of the town. Plunkett was ordered to the rear to prevent straggling from the ranks. As the regiment went forward under a deadly fire at double quick, the color-sergeant was struck and fell mortally wounded. The flag went down with him. Plunkett, on seeing the standard down, threw away his gun, picked up the flag and rushed to the front. The enemy poured in a hot fire upon the flag. The silken banner was riddled, the staff was splintered, and one bullet whizzed through Plunkett's cap. But the line moved on with the colors in front. When, however, the line had approached as near the enemy's works as it was destined to go that day, a Confederate shell exploded immediately in front of the flag. One piece of the shell struck Plunkett's right arm near the shoulder, tearing it almost off

and leaving it hanging by a mere ribbon of flesh. The same piece passed on and struck a book which he had buttoned in his waistcoat. The book had thick covers, and was one which he had picked up at Fredericksburg that morning. From this book the piece of shell glanced and struck Plunkett's left arm near the wrist, making a terrible wound. The thickness of the book, which turned the shell, undoubtedly saved the heroic soldier's life. The marks of the covers were perceptible on his breast for some time afterwards. Plunkett fell forward upon the flag, his blood dyeing it with stains that are still visible, but was at once sent to the rear, and finally carried to an hospital. Here the surgeons declared the case to be hopeless; but after some delay, in response to his entreaties, chloroform was administered and his arms were amputated, one near the shoulder and the other above the wrist. A week later, he was transferred to Washington, where he lay for several months, suffering greatly from pain in one of his arms. A naturally strong constitution served him, and in May, 1863, he was furloughed. When he recovered from his wounds, a fund was contributed towards his support, and he was granted a full pension. He was a messenger in the State House at Boston during the last fifteen years of his life.

His funeral, which took place in Worcester on the 14th instant, was very largely attended. Among those present were Governor Robinson and the members of his staff, a large delegation of the members of the Massachusetts Legislature and the Worcester City Government. The old colors of the regiment, stained with Plunkett's blood, were lent for the occasion by the Legislature, and were heavily draped in black. They were held at the head of the coffin by a color-guard which was detailed from the State Militia. The funeral address was delivered by the Rev. George S. Ball, formerly chaplain of the Twenty-first Regiment. This was in accordance with a request made by Sergeant Plunkett just before his death. The music was furnished by a chorus of 300 voices from the High School. During the passage, through the streets, of the funeral procession—which consisted of the local Grand Army Post, the veterans of the Twenty-first Regiment, and distinguished visitors and people in carriages—the city flags were at half-mast, bells were tolled, and the people who lined the sidewalks stood with uncovered hats. The body was buried at the Rural Cemetery, after lying for an hour or so in state at Mechanics' Hall.

OFFICE-SEEKERS AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

NOTWITHSTANDING that President Cleveland refuses to be bored by office-seekers, hundreds of them still persist in haunting the approaches to the White House, hoping for something to turn up. They represent all parts of the country, and are of all sorts and sizes. Their waiting has not, so far, been rewarded by any measure of success, and, as their resources diminish, they will, of course, disappear one by one, wiser and sadder men, to the great relief of the White House doorkeepers and the advantage of their party.

DEATH OF "THE FUR KING OF THE WORLD."

SIR CURTIS M. LAMPSON, the "Fur King of the World," died suddenly in London a few days since. Sir Curtis was one of the few titled Americans, for, though knighted by the Queen of England, he was born and reared in Vermont. From an humble beginning, as a trapper boy in his native State, he became enormously wealthy and famous the world over. He was the President of the Hudson Bay Company, and a large shareholder and former President of the Alaska Fur Company; he was executor of the great Peabody estate, and its management is a matter of history; he was head of the London firm of C. M. Lampson & Co., and he was worth more than \$50,000,000.

Personally, he was a tall, large man, of noble presence, with a massive face, clean shaven, and a full suit of white hair. Although more than eighty years of age, he was strong and vigorous, and attended personally to the business of his great establishment up to the day of his death. He was a regular attendant of the annual fur sale in London, and is said to have put in eight hours every day personally superintending the assortment of skins that were received from America at the rate of \$15,000,000 worth per annum. He was generally known as the "Fur King of the World." He was the first capitalist in Great Britain to take stock in the Atlantic Cable Company. He was then in Parliament, where he was the champion of the cable. He did so much to aid the great enterprise that his services were recognized by being knighted by Queen Victoria.

A DINNER TO LISZT.

A Rome correspondent of the Chicago Tribune thus describes a recent dinner given in honor of the Abbe Liszt, who left Rome the following day for Pesth, where he intends passing the remainder of the winter: "The guests were few. The menu was a curiosity in itself. Entirely expressed in musical terms, beginning with 'Sinfonie, Primitivi and Quenelles,' and passing through 'Allegretto,' 'Adagio,' 'Besto,' 'Rondo,' etc., until the 'Accelerato' was arrived at in the wine list. But the conversation around the board where this select little company was assembled was the real treat of the evening. I heard T. A. Trollope recalling to Liszt, whom he sat opposite, having heard him play at Paris forty years ago. Young Liszt, the venerable Senator Mamiani told us, had then a habit while seating himself at the instrument of rolling his gloves together and throwing them absently under the pianoforte. 'Well, I have seen,' said the count, 'the first dilettante and the most beautiful and distinguished women of their time make a rush to secure even a fragment of those gloves, the least scrap of which was carried off to be jealously treasured as a sacred relic.'

"Liszt is seventy-four, and so far from being a failing old man, as some recent newspaper reports have made him out to be, that he appears a really fine example of vigorous age. His voice is full and deep, compelling attention even when he does not raise it above the ordinary conversational level, and his sight and hearing are evidently as keen as ever. He always speaks French, apparently from habit or preference, but if addressed in any other European language immediately responds in the same tongue with equal fluency. But the great treat of the evening was after we had all risen from the table. There was a piano in the room, but, of course, not even the hostess herself could venture to ask the Abbe to play. The kings of art have their etiquette and their privileges, the same as their crowned brethren of the political

world. But all of a sudden, in reply to an entreating gesture from the aged Count Mamiani, Liszt seated himself at the piano and held us under the spell of his genius for half an hour. He began with little bits of Chopin and Schubert, and then, without any break, wandered off into exquisite improvisations, which were pure Liszt, but Liszt in his gentlest, most melodious, and, one might fancy, most benevolent mood. He plays so seldom now, even in the most intimate and friendly society, that I think each one of us almost held our breath as the thought would include: 'It may be the last time.'

COST OF CHRISTENING EUGENIE'S BABY.

THE secret papers of the Second Empire give an account of the expenditure on the occasion of the birth and baptism of the Prince Imperial. Medals in diamonds head the list, at a cost of 25,000 francs. Doctors and midwives received 68,000 francs. The wardrobe cost 100,000 francs. The several societies of dramatic authors and composers, men of letters, dramatic artists, musicians, painters and sculptors, industrial inventors and medical men of the Department of the Seine received 10,000 francs each. Ninety-three thousand francs was given to the benevolent "bureaus" of the Department of the Seine and of the communes in which lay the estates of the Crown. The "agents of the interior service" of the Empire received gratifications equal to four months' wages, amounting to 11,000 francs. Forty-four thousand francs were allotted to giving gratis performances at the theatres on March 18th, 1856. The parents of children born on the 16th of that month shared among them 50,000 francs. For medals to be given to authors and composers of verses and cantate addressed to their majesties, and to the pupils at the Lycees, 85,000 francs were allowed. The relatives of the godchildren of their majesties received 20,000 francs. The service of the stables for the baptismal cortege is set down at 172,000 francs, and 160,000 francs were distributed in gratifications to the hired servants of their majesties' household. The total comes to the sum of 898,000 francs.

THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

THE London correspondent of the Boston Herald writes: "The Princess of Wales is adored by the English Conservatives and Radicals alike, and it was a lucky day indeed for the heir apparent when he took the sweet and high-minded daughter of the King of Denmark to wife. Her popularity is rivaled only by that of Mr. Gladstone, and it is even greater than his, for London is hers, heart and soul, as well as the provinces. To look at this pretty and girlish woman no one would imagine that she is forty years of age and the mother of several children, including two great boys, one of whom has just attained his majority. Although Her Royal Highness holds herself so well that when seated in her carriage, or in the box of a theatre, she seems a tall woman, yet, in reality, she is petite. The Princess dresses her hair rather high and wears high heels. She is always attired to perfection, and usually in white or black in the evening and in very quiet colors during the day; but her costume at night, however simple, is set off by the most magnificent jewels, so that she literally 'blazes like a jeweled sun.' Her Royal Highness is somewhat deaf, although not seriously so. The present writer has seen her many times in public, and has always been impressed with the grace and delicacy of her type of beauty and the unaffected goodness that seems to surround her like an atmosphere. The Princess is always cheered to the echo and fairly mobbed by the enthusiastic public. I have seen her seated in the royal coach, returning in state from Buckingham Palace to Marlborough House, preceded by outriders, a diadem on her fair brow and gorgeously attired; again, at a garden-party, accompanied by her little daughters clinging to the skirts of her gown, as she walked along between the ranks of ladies courtesying, and men with their heads uncovered; again, driving in Hyde Park late in the afternoon with the little princesses, or sailing out to the royal yacht anchored off the Isle of Wight, the ribbons of her sailor-hat fluttering in the fresh breeze, her dress a simple blue serge; and still again, selling roses for charity at the fête held in the Horticultural Society's grounds in South Kensington. The Princess is a familiar, but always an isolated, figure in English daily life. The people recognize in her all those virtues which life does so much to reveal, and follow her good example in overlooking the past and putting faith in the future. Certainly, moreover, there is no reason to complain of the present. There are no scandals in their beau château."

SHERMAN AS A KISSER.

ONE morning, while General Sherman was visiting Washington lately, he met General Schenck on the street. "How are you, Schenck?" said the bluff old warrior. "You are looking splendidly." "Yes," was the reply, "I am first-rate; haven't felt so well in the past seven or eight years. But, tell me, General, who was that very pretty woman you kissed after the reception the other night?" The war-horse pondered a moment and exclaimed: "Oh, I remember; but blist if I know who she was." "Did you know she was a married woman?" asked Schenck. "No, indeed," said the General, laughing, "and I haven't seen her since. You see, they all stood up there in line, and I just waded in; but I remember the one you mean." The two old friends tried to figure out the pedigree of the kissed woman, but the one only knew that she was married and the other that she was kissable. Finally, General Schenck said: "Well, anyhow, Sherman, I admire your taste." "Yes," remarked General Sherman, with a twinkle in his eye, "she was fine, certainly. Did you notice how well she stood upon her fetlock joints? She was a fine woman."

HUGUENOT BI-CENTENARY.

THE 18th of October next will be the bi-centenary of the revocation of the edict of Nantes, and the descendants of Huguenot refugees in Prussia, Holland and Switzerland contemplate holding celebrations, not so much of the revocation as of the hospitality offered abroad to its victims. The French Protestant Historical Society has issued a circular dissuading French Protestants from attending such celebrations, and suggesting special religious services on the day in question. It thinks that French Protestants, while grateful for the kindness of foreign nations to the refugees, could not attend without feeling bitter regret for what France lost. It is not for them to remind France of faults so dearly paid for while they live in countries which have benefited by

their misfortunes, or to mingle an accusing voice in their brethren's legitimate thanksgiving. A commemorative service at home would be an act of humiliation and mourning, and fervent prayer should be offered for the enlightenment which France so much needs, for the diffusion of a new spirit rendering the repetition of past mistakes impossible, and for the triumph of ideas of toleration and justice which are the best safeguards of liberty.

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

IN Sweden a process has been discovered by which the old decaying moss can be converted into a kind of cardboard, which can be molded for the purpose of house decoration. It becomes as hard as wood and takes an excellent polish.

A GERMAN paper states that eggs may be kept perfectly fresh for a year by rubbing them with vaseline which has been melted with three-tenths per cent. of salicylic acid. The application should be made twice at an interval of a month.

A NEW roller for a roller-skate consists of eleven small rollers inclosed in a bushing, and all made from case-hardened steel. By a simple device friction is almost entirely overcome, and the skate runs far easier than with the ordinary wheel.

A MATERIAL which is fireproof, as well as indestructible by vermin, is made of asbestos and silicate. It resembles stone, and though massive in appearance, is light of weight. It makes a useful box or safe for the preservation of documents.

FOR the improvement of heavy soils, Heiden, Voigt, Guntz and Wetzel recommend lime for the first dressing. They say also that the crop for the first season should be potatoes; for the second, oats; for the third, tares or peas, and for the fourth, potatoes again.

A CURIOUS discovery was made recently when a lightning rod which had been in place fifteen years embedded in soft clay was removed. There was found attached to it a solid lump of iron ore weighing ninety-six pounds, supposed to have been produced by the conversion of the clay by the action of electricity.

THE *Lancet* says that appetite is a most misleading sensation, only remotely related to the actual demands of the organism. If we only ate more deliberately we should find half our accustomed quantity of food sufficient to satisfy the most eager cravings of hunger, and hence save ourselves from the evils of dyspepsia, or, on the other hand, a tendency to over-increase in weight.

TO TEST the purity of water there has been found no better or simpler way than to fill a clean pint bottle three-fourths full of the water to be tested, and dissolve in the water half a teaspoonful of the purest sugar—loaf or granulated will answer—the bottle, and place it in a warm place for two days. If in twenty-four or forty-eight hours the water becomes cloudy or milky it is unfit for domestic use.

A WELL-KNOWN scientific man has lately given an order to a Liverpool dealer for a hundred specimens of the electrical eel, for the purpose of closely studying the singular power possessed by these creatures. Hitherto this has not been investigated so far as to determine very positively what is the nature of the marvelous emanation that has generally been accepted as electricity. But there are, it is stated, some reasons lately discovered for doubting the identity of this power with a veritable electric shock.

THE Society of Naturalists of St. Petersburg has received permission to send several of its members to join the Russian representatives on the Afghan Boundary Commission, with the view to the scientific exploration of Central Asia. The British Commission, which is now on the ground, has with it a geologist, a naturalist, and several topographers. There is, then, a good prospect of something accurate being made known to the world at large regarding a region of which very little has been described with precision.

THE Fontaine locomotive, which won celebrity on the line of the Canada Southern, has disappeared. The central idea was the introduction of two friction wheels above two driving wheels. By the contact of the upper wheel with the lower, a greater number of revolutions per minute, and hence a greater speed could be obtained. A company was formed with \$1,000,000 nominal capital stock at \$25 per share. Two engines were built at an expense of \$25,000, but they proved failures. Altogether the company paid out \$645,000, and received \$2,700 in return.

THOSE desiring to check a tendency to obesity, may now choose between four systems: 1. The original Banting, which consists of eating nothing containing starch, sugar or fat. 2. The German Banting, which allows fat, but forbids sugar or starch. 3. A Munich system, which consists of dressing in woolen clothes and of sleeping between flannel blankets instead of cotton or linen sheets; and 4. The Schweninger system, which insists on an interval of two hours between eating and drinking. The *Lancet's* advice to hunting-men who may be thinking to reduce their weight is "Do not try it."

AMONG the various contrivances for indicating 24 hours on watch dials, one by Sturrock and Meek, mentioned in the *Horological Journal*, seems to be neat and ingenious. The dial is made with 12 holes, in place of the usual figures. During the first half of the day, midnight to noon, the figures 1 to 12, placed on a disk at the back, show through; at noon the disk becomes automatically shifted, so that the figures 1 to 12 are replaced by figures 13 to 24 (0); at midnight the figures 1 to 12 are again brought into view. Thus, whilst retaining the ordinary and familiar and convenient 12-hour spaces, the advantage of the 24-hour system is obtained without the necessity of keeping a double set of hourly figures constantly in view.

AT Königsberg, in Prussia, will take place during the months of May to August of this year an International Industrial and Polytechnic Exhibition for machinery, motors, tools, appliances for mechanics, small manufactures, etc. The following are some of the heads of groups under which exhibits will be classified—viz.: (1) motors; (2) transmission appliances; (3) tools and implements for all branches of manufacture; (4) chemical and physical apparatus; (5) apparatus for technical education; (6) safety and protective appliances; (7) machinery and appliances for household purposes and for innkeepers; (8) agricultural implements and appliances. The Exhibition takes place under the authority of the Industrial Central Union of the Province of East Prussia.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

REPRESENTATIVE RICHARDSON, of Tennessee, will be the tallest man in the new Congress. He is about seven feet high.

EX-GOVERNOR JAMES H. BERRY has been elected United States Senator from Arkansas, to succeed Mr. Garland.

ATTORNEY-GENERAL GEORGE GRAY, of Delaware, has been nominated as successor to Mr. Bayard in the United States Senate.

MISS CLEVELAND has said, concerning wine at state dinners: "My brother and I are two. While I have my convictions on the temperance question, I shall not interfere with him."

THE fund being collected in Germany for a national tribute to Prince Bismarck on the occasion of his seventieth birthday, on the 1st of April, already amounts to 750,000 marks.

EX-PRESIDENT ARTHUR has been tendered a public dinner by 250 merchants and business men of this city. The compliment, which is offered without regard to party affiliations, has been accepted.

IT is understood that General Foster is to be retained as Minister to Spain for the present, with a view of conducting negotiations for a more favorable treaty, and that he will probably return to Madrid in the course of a fortnight.

UPON the receipt of the news of General Earle's death, Mrs. Gladstone visited his widow so as to offer her condolence in her bereavement. Mrs. Earle refused to see her, and sent back the message, that she would never consent to see the wife of the man who murdered her husband.

JOHN ESTEN COOKE, the novelist, has taken up his permanent residence at a fine, old Virginia country-house in the beautiful Shenandoah Valley. His time is divided between hunting and other favorite pursuits of Virginia country gentlemen, and literary work of various kinds—history, fiction and criticism.

DR. FRANCIS WHARTON, of Philadelphia, has been appointed as Counselor of the State Department on questions of international law. Dr. Wharton's fame as a publicist is world-wide, and his writings on international law, which have been translated in nearly all the languages of Europe, are recognized as standard authority on the subject.

MR. BLAINE performed a very graceful act when he called upon President Cleveland, only excelled in grace by the courteous reception given him by the distinguished host. The journalistic bores who cannot see anything to commend in this exchange of courtesies between the victor and the vanquished in the great struggle of 1884 are to be pitied.

"CHINESE GORDON, the Uncrowned King," is the title of a handsome ribbon-tied book, by Laura C. Holloway, which Funk & Wagnalls have just issued. It is the compilation from Gordon's private letters of his sentiments regarding life, duty, religion and responsibilities, and can but prove a timely addition to Forbes' "Life." A portrait of Gordon, in mourning border, adorns the cover.

GEORGE W. CABLE was compelled to leave school at the age of fourteen and aid in supporting the family. During his leisure hours in the Confederate service in war times he made a critical study of the Bible, mathematics and Latin grammar. After the war he accepted a position as errand-boy for a mercantile house in New Orleans. He studied civil engineering, and was for a time engaged in a State surveying expedition.

THE admirers of Mr. Henry Irving propose to give him a royal reception on his return to England. The chief feature of the festivities will be a banquet at the Criterion, in Regent Circus, on the evening of Wednesday, April 29th. Earl Dunraven will preside, and the dinner will be one of the grandest affairs of the present London season. The committee of arrangements is composed about equally of peers, journalists, and actors.

ZEBEHR PASHA, whom Gordon so trusted and wished made Governor of Khartoum, has been arrested at Alexandria, Egypt, under charge of being implicated in treasonable conspiracies against the authority of the Khédive. His residence was searched immediately after his arrest, and in it were found many documents proving that Zebuhr was in a secret league with El Mahdi. He will be interned on the Island of Cyprus. Four accomplices in his treason have been arrested.

AMONG nominations made last week by President Cleveland were the following: Milton J. Durham, of Kentucky, to be *First Controller of the Treasury*; Malcolm Hay, of Pennsylvania, to be *First Assistant Postmaster-General*; Martin V. Montgomery, of Michigan, to be *Commissioner of Patents*; David S. Baker, Jr., of Rhode Island, to be *Attorney of the United States for the District of Rhode Island*; Benjamin H. Hill, Jr., of Georgia, to be *Attorney of the United States for the Northern District of Georgia*; John D. C. Atkins, of Tennessee, to be *Commissioner of Indian Affairs*; James D. Porter, of Tennessee, to be *Assistant Secretary of State*.

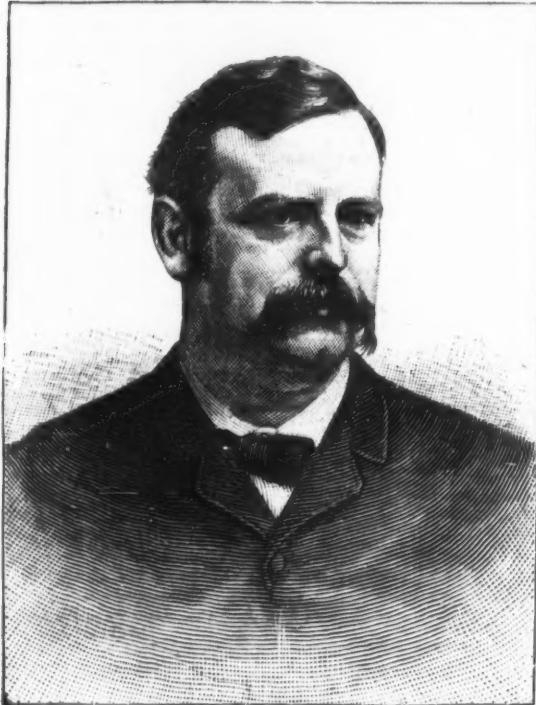
MR. GEORGE W. CHILDS, of Philadelphia, has done a pleasing service to friends of General Grant by discovering a small daguerreotype of him which was taken in 1844, when he was only twenty-two years old, and causing the portrait to be enlarged and preserved in photographic reproductions. The face is smooth, and the absence of a beard makes it difficult to detect the likeness at first glance, but on looking more attentively every trait of the strong features time and experience have hardened into the visage familiar to the world can be distinctly recognized. The young lieutenant wears the uniform of that time, differing greatly from that of the corresponding rank now. No other likeness of General Grant at so early an age is known to exist.

THE dowry given by the Duke of Bedford to his daughter on her marriage with Sir Edward Malet, last week, was \$650,000, invested in consols. The London papers have columns of descriptions of the gorgeous wedding ceremony in Westminster Abbey. The Radical journals contrast the unseemly splendor of the wedding pageant with the Duke of Bedford's constant refusals to subscribe to local charities. They recall the fact that the bulk of his immense income is derived from the rental of rookeries in London slums which are in a sad state of dilapidation. They also recall that, during the smallpox scare in London last Summer, the Duke of Bedford refused to clean the pestilential alleys of his property around Covent Garden Market, and even refused to allow others to remove the accumulated filth of years.

HON. JOSEPH S. MILLER,

THE NEW COMMISSIONER OF INTERNAL REVENUE.

THE important appointment of Commissioner of Internal Revenue has just been conferred by President Cleveland upon a comparatively young man, Mr. Joseph S. Miller, of West Virginia, who is not yet thirty-seven. It looks very much from this and other appointments as if young men were destined to come to the front from now on, during the incumbency of Mr. Cleveland. Joseph S. Miller was born in Cabell County, Va. (now West Virginia), August 18th, 1848. His family were originally from Germany, his grandfather making a permanent settlement in the beautiful Valley of Virginia in the latter part of the eighteenth century. Young Miller received a common school education, and then entered Beach Grove Academy, Ashland, Ky., where he graduated. He then became clerk of the Circuit Court of Cabell County, in 1860, which position he retained until January, 1873. In the Fall of 1872 he was also elected Clerk of the County Court, and entered upon its duties the following year. He continued to hold the office until 1875, and also performed the duties incumbent upon him as Coun-



WEST VIRGINIA.—HON. JOSEPH S. MILLER, THE NEW COMMISSIONER OF INTERNAL REVENUE.
PHOTO. BY RICE.



DELAWARE.—HON. GEORGE GRAY, U. S. SENATOR-ELECT.
PHOTO. BY J. PAUL BROWN.

cilman of the town of Barboursville, Cabell County, from 1873 to 1874. In 1872 he was elected Clerk of the Senate of West Virginia, serving in that capacity until 1876. He was next honored by being elected Auditor of the State of West Virginia, and re-elected for a second term, which expired on the 4th instant. In all his public acts and intercourse with his fellow-citizens he has given universal satisfaction.

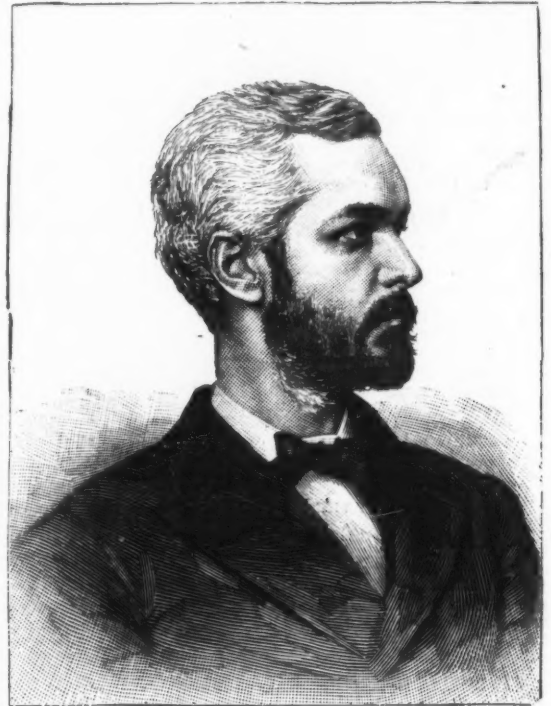
Mr. Miller was a candidate for Governor last year, but withdrew before the Convention met, and then helped to nominate and elect the present Governor Wilson. Mr. Miller is married and the father of a happy family. He is a gentleman of fine personal appearance and a marked man in any public assembly.

HON. GEORGE GRAY,

UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM DELAWARE.

HON. GEORGE GRAY, the successor of Mr. Bayard in the United States Senate, is in every way worthy of the high distinction conferred upon him. Able, upright, and familiar with

affairs, he will be certain to impress himself upon the policy of his party and the legislation of the Senate. Mr. Gray was born in New Castle, Del., May 4th, 1840, and at the age of seventeen entered the junior class in Princeton College, graduating two years later. He then read law for three years, and also attended at the Harvard Law School for a year. He was admitted to the Bar in 1863, and practiced law at New Castle until 1881. In that year he was appointed Attorney-General of Delaware, and removed to Wilmington. He was reappointed in 1884, and held the office when elected Senator. Mr. Gray has for some years taken an active part in Delaware politics, and in the Democratic National Conventions of 1880 and 1884 he presented Mr. Bayard's name for the Presidency. He is an intimate friend, personally and politically, of Mr. Bayard. He is a fluent speaker, and of splendid physique, being over six feet in height. He was at one time Chairman of the New Castle Board of Education, and is an honorary member of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania. In the contest for the Senatorship Mr. Gray received thirteen votes on the first ballot against nine for Congressman Lore, five for ex-Congressman Martin, and two blanks.



PENNSYLVANIA.—HON. MALCOLM HAY, FIRST ASSISTANT POSTMASTER-GENERAL.
PHOTO. BY KURTZ.



WASHINGTON.—DEMOCRATIC OFFICE-SEEKERS HAUNTING THE VESTIBULE OF THE WHITE HOUSE, "WAITING TO SEE THE PRESIDENT."
FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 99.

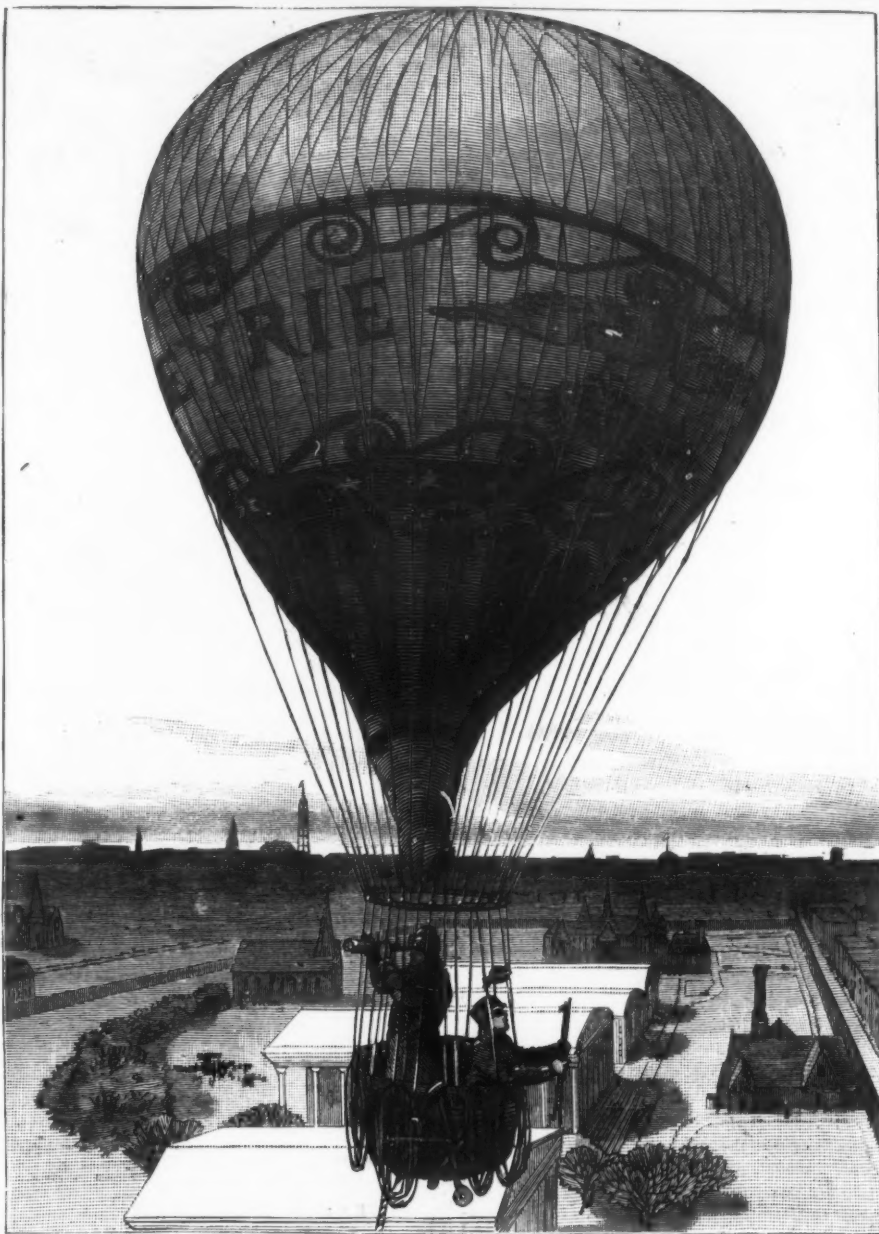
On the second ballot he received fifteen votes, and was nominated. His election has given great satisfaction to the best men of both parties of the State, which he will honorably represent.

HON. MALCOLM HAY,
FIRST ASSISTANT POSTMASTER-GENERAL.

HON. MALCOLM HAY, of Allegheny City, Pa., just appointed First Assistant Postmaster-general, was born in Philadelphia, March 1st, 1842. He is of Scotch descent. His ancestors were among the earliest settlers of Bucks County, Pa., and Burlington County, N. J. He was educated in the public schools, studied law at Trenton, N. J., and married the daughter of the late Rev. Samuel L. Southard, of that city. After completing his legal education, he removed to Pittsburg, where he entered on the practice of his profession. Mr. Hay has always been a Democrat, and was a member of the last three National Conventions. He was an active member of the State Constitutional Convention in 1872, serving as Chairman of the Committees on Accounts and Expenditures and Militia. He has never held any office, though it was understood that, had he desired, he could have had the nomination (and election) as Congressman-at-large in 1882, or a Cabinet position under Governor Pattison. In religion he is an Episcopalian, and has frequently been a member of the General Convention of that Church. He is said to agree with Mr. Randall on the tariff question. At the National Democratic Convention he was on the sub-committee that drafted the tariff plank, and was temporary chairman of that committee.

METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS IN MID-AIR.

ON the afternoon of January 19th, the first balloon ascent ever made in the United States solely in the interest of meteorology took place at Philadelphia. General Hazen, Chief Signal Officer, U. S. A., recognizing the importance and value of a more complete knowledge of the upper atmosphere, entered into a contract some time ago with the well-known aeronaut, Mr. S. A. King, for a number of "trips to the clouds," an ascent to be made at any time on eight hours' notice. The United States Signal Service has had this subject under consideration for several years. Professor Abbe began in 1871 to collect meteorological records made in balloons. In 1872 the records of fifty ascents had been tabulated, studied, and valuable results obtained. In 1876, 1,000 small balloons were sent with the *Polaris* expedition, to be used in determining the height of the clouds; but, owing to an unfortunate accident, they could not be utilized. At various times the Chief Signal Officer has sent observers on balloon excursions, which were made for purposes other than scientific. The considerable certainty with which the movement of a storm can now be predicted renders it possible and desirable to make systematic



PENNSYLVANIA.—BALLOON ASCENSION OF SIGNAL SERVICE OBSERVERS FROM THE GIRARD COLLEGE GROUNDS, PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 13TH, FOR THE PURPOSE OF RECORDING CHANGES IN MOISTURE.

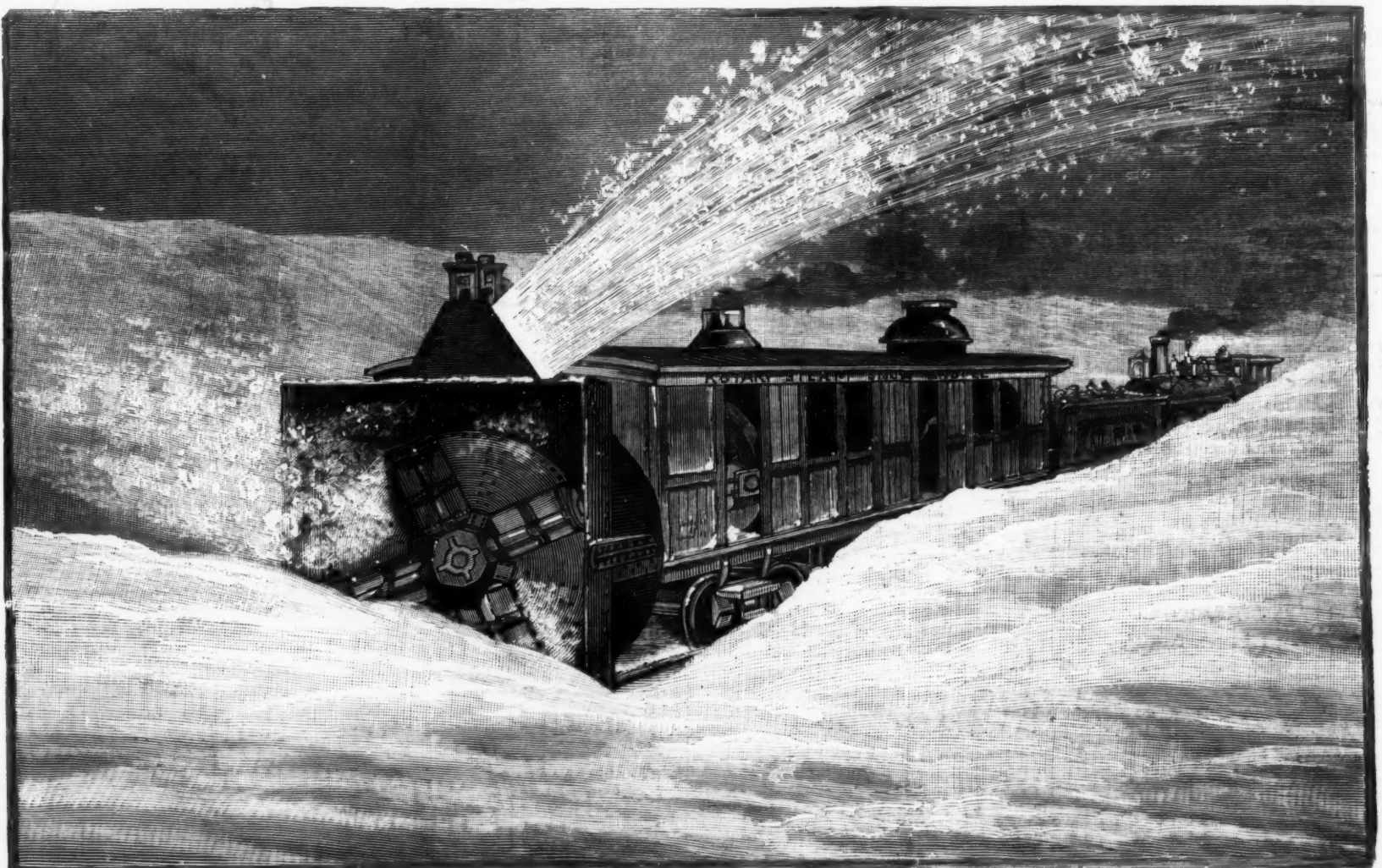
use of the balloon in the study of unusual atmospheric conditions, and the series of ascents now in progress is planned with that end in view. Among other things, it is desired to determine the difference in the temperature gradient in well-defined "high" and well-defined "low" pressures. For this purpose it is necessary to foretell

the arrival of a particular atmospheric condition at Philadelphia, from which place the ascents are made. This can readily be done so as to give the aeronaut eight hours' notice for the preparation of his balloon, and the observers who accompany him sufficient time to reach Philadelphia from Washington.

The second ascent, of which we give an illustration, was made on the 13th instant, from the grounds of Girard College. The balloon was the "Eagle Eyrie," holding 25,000 cubic feet when filled, and having a lifting power of about 1,000 pounds. The occupants of the car were Mr. King and Private W. H. Hammond, a skillful observer, detailed for the purpose from the office of the Chief Signal Officer. Mr. Hammond carried with him a complete outfit for making barometric, thermometric, and hygrometric observations, and the results are understood to have been very satisfactory. A safe and quiet landing was made at Birdsboro, some forty miles from the place of ascension. The danger incident to a balloon ascent is greatly over-estimated by many. In the company of an experienced and skillful aeronaut the risk to life and limb is scarcely greater than on a railway train or a steamboat. Volunteers for this service are by no means wanting among those connected with the Signal Service; and Professor Abbe is so desirous of knowing what is going on "inside of a storm," that he means to make an ascent himself in order to find out.

A MACHINE FOR OVERCOMING SNOWDRIFTS.

A NOVEL machine, or snowplow, for removing snowdrifts on railways, has recently been completed at the Rogers Locomotive Works, in Paterson, N. J. It is made of sheet steel, half an inch in thickness, and in appearance resembles a huge cow-bell, projecting open end foremost from the end of a platform car. The machine and car weigh forty-five tons, or about ten tons more than an ordinary locomotive. When in use the big end of the funnel will be driven against a snow or ice bank by a locomotive in the rear, and then a huge propeller screw, the blades of which have sharp edges, will begin to work inside the funnel. The rapidly revolving knives will slice up the snow or ice in greater or less cuts, and the shape of the knives will throw this snow backward into the funnel, where it will be caught by an immense windmill fan, revolving in an opposite direction from that of the knives, and working within one sixty-fourth of an inch from them—a great mechanical achievement, the machinists say. This fan will throw the snow and ice further backward into the funnel with such force that it is sent flying out of the pipe which forms the small end. This pipe can be turned to either side of the track or upward. It is calculated that it will throw the snow 150 feet to either side, or up over a sixty-foot embankment. On either side close to the track there is a small plow, or knife, called the flanger, by which the snow is cleared away a distance of two and a half feet from each side of the track. The fan and knives are apparently worked by the same shaft, but there are really two, one working inside the other and in opposite directions. The big or front end of the funnel coming toward a person on a track looks like the bell-part of an enormous black trumpet. All who have examined the machine are confident



NEW JERSEY.—A NOVEL MACHINE, MANUFACTURED AT PATERSON, FOR CUTTING AWAY SNOWBANKS ON RAILWAYS.
FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.

that it will be able to cut its way through the heaviest snow-banks. It is to be tried at once on a Western railroad.

THE SLAVE TRADE OF AFRICA.

THE number of slaves who have been deported from the coast of Mozambique since the establishment of the slave trade in 1645 cannot possibly be ascertained, but that it would far surpass ordinary belief is evident from the following figures given by Molinari:

Exportation of slaves from 1807 to the establishment of cruisers in 1819:	
For Brazil.....	680,000
For the Spanish Colonies.....	615,000
For other points.....	502,000
Lost on the voyage.....	387,000
	2,194,000
Ditto from 1819 to 1847:	
For Brazil.....	1,122,000
For the Spanish Colonies.....	831,000
Lost on the voyage.....	688,000
Captured.....	117,000
	2,758,000
Total.....	4,952,000

Nearly 5,000,000 of slaves imported from one part alone of the Portuguese possessions in Africa in the space of forty years! To these figures a large addition may be made for deaths in the struggles attending capture and on the way to the seacoast. As domestic slavery existed then as now, and as slave-catching was accompanied by the destruction of villages and crops and the slaughter of all who resisted, the wonder is that the region which suffered such depredations did not become almost wholly depopulated.

In the palmy days of the foreign slave trade the bishop of the diocese, seated on a marble throne, baptized and blessed the gangs of slaves as they passed, shackled, to the shore for embarkation. All this is over now. No European Government openly protects or legalizes the slave trade, yet it exists, nevertheless. Mr. H. E. O'Neill, British Consul at Mozambique, asserts that all the native chiefs deal more or less in slaves. The slave trade occupies the attention of all traders from the coast to the interior, and every attempt to colonize or to introduce legitimate trade will meet with the determined opposition of these dealers, as well as of the native chiefs, to whom slaves are the main part of their stock for barter and exchange. As the existing slave trade is by no means confined to the Mozambique coast, but prevails along the Zanzibar district, in the Congo Basin, and notably in the countries about the upper waters of the Nile, it will be seen that the greatest obstacle to the progress of Africa is the traffic in slaves. Everywhere the Arabs, or at least Arabized negroes of Mohammedan belief, are the ringleaders in the slave trade, and everywhere the Mussulman population is inimical to the advance of Europeans, the introduction of commerce, and the improvement of agriculture.

To the poor, despised followers of a primitive fetishism every advance made by England or France has been a benefit, and the well-wishers of the African must desire the success of the colonization schemes of these countries and of Germany also.

ELECTRIC LIGHT SACRILEGIOUS.

A RECENT number of the *Moniteur de Rome* publishes an authoritative communication from the Sacred Congregation of Rites to the effect that the electric light and the baskets of artificial flowers suspended from the arches, as was done for the recent Centenary of St. Damascus, are in nowise suitable to the sanctity of Christian temples. The use of flowers as ornamentation in greater solemnities has been fully sanctioned, even from the earliest ages of the Church, provided they be in form of festoons, or of garlands entwined with laurel leaves, as we read in the poems of St. Paulinus, of Nola, and are still customary in the solemn ceremonies of the canonization of saints, white flowers in hanging baskets, especially beneath the arches of the vaulted roof, are a feature hitherto unknown in the Church and fitted solely to theatrical representations. This warning is intended to prevent in the future similar unbefitting ornamentation, whether in Rome or elsewhere.

THE MARRIAGE FAIR IN BRITANNY.

THE marriage fair, the institution of which dates from time immemorial, is still held annually in Brittany. In pursuance of the singular custom, all the marriageable girls with a dowry from that and neighboring villages, dressed in their best finery, climb on the parapet of the bridge, on which they sit in rows. Naturally enough, all of them are anxious to win a suitor. They, therefore, vie with each other in showing their personal attractions. One shows a fine waist; another allows a pretty foot and ankle to peep out from under her dress; a third bares a shapely arm, while a fourth exhibits a forest of long hair. The eager youths soon advance along the footway of the bridge and examine the eligible girls. They, too, are at great pains to make the best possible impression—this one curling an incipient mustache, that one throwing back his thick locks, and others, again, walking to show off their upright bearing. When one of them fancies one of the girls he steps up to her and offers his hand to help her to alight from the parapet. If he is to her taste she takes the proffered hand, jumps down, and negotiations at once begin with the parents standing by. Should all inquiries turn out satisfactory on both sides the young couple strike each other's open hand and the affair is concluded. The marriage follows soon after.

THE EARLIEST PARCHMENT.

In the early Middle Ages a man would take a simple rough sheepskin and with his own hands convert it into a missal, illuminated and "noted" for music. "Graduale unum promanum formavit, purgavit, punxit, sulcavit, pria scripsit, illuminavit, musiceque notavit syllabam." Among other interesting particulars brought before the reader, we learn that the process of the Inquisition against the Knights Templar was engrossed on a roll more than seventy feet long—a charge inevitably as fatal, though by no means as brief, as that brought by the Spartan judges against the poor Plataeans after the fearful two years' siege. With the introduction of parchment begins the systematic history of miniature. The use of linen paper, however, is spoken of as early as 1125, the most ancient fragment extant being that on which the Sire de Joinville wrote a letter to King Louis X. in 1315. Pens, pencils, inks—in short, everything belonging to the art of the scribe and the miniaturist—are minutely treated of and par-

ticulars given, from reliable sources, of the cost which the decoration of an illuminated book would reach when such books were executed for wealthy patrons.

"OUR SOUTHERN CONNECTIONS."

THE Virginia, Tennessee and Georgia "Air Line," also known as the Shenandoah Valley Route, has lately made important improvements in its train service. The through Atlanta "Sleeper" now leaves New York daily at midnight, instead of 8 p. m., reducing the time to New Orleans four hours; while to passengers preferring the seaboard route the choice is offered of the new short line, via the Eastern Shore and Cape Charles; the Bay Line from Baltimore, or the all-rail line, via Washington and Richmond—each of the three connecting at Norfolk or Petersburg, Va., with the Virginia, Tennessee and Georgia system and its Southern service. The through Pullman car, between Washington and New Orleans, via the Virginia Midland Railroad, has been discontinued. Every traveler on the Shenandoah Valley Route, or any other, for that matter, should provide himself with "Shenandoah and Beyond," an exceedingly tasteful and instructive manual of the line, its scenery and attractions, the joint product of the pen of Mr. Ernest Ingersoll and the pencil of Mr. Frank H. Taylor, and which may be obtained of Mr. H. V. Tompkins, General Eastern Passenger Agent, 303 Broadway, New York city.

FUN.

A CHICAGO physician says cats cannot thrive without grass. If this be true we shall have our back yard concreted in the Spring.

A MINISTER in Lowell, Mass., has been obliged to give up preaching on account of trouble in his throat. If this reverend gentleman had taken Dr. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP, he would still have been a useful member of his profession.

Why is it that on Tillie's cheek
The lily blooms, and not the rose?
Because the rose has gone to seek
A place upon her husband's nose.

AN augur that bores a square hole is spoken of as a remarkable recent invention. Newspaper offices will hail this as an innovation. For years they have been bothered with bores who are always round.

A PHYSICIAN'S ESTIMATE.

DR. JOHN W. WILLIAMSON, Danville, Va., has been using Compound Oxygen in his own case and in a number of cases which he was not able to cure under ordinary medical treatment. He says:

"It is certainly the most valuable and reliable treatment I know in all chronic diseases. It cures diseases of different types from those for which it is prescribed, as in my own case. For twenty-five years I had suffered with hemorrhoids, which had resisted all treatment, and I never expected to be relieved; but to my surprise, after I was cured of my bronchitis and lung trouble by the use of Compound Oxygen for three weeks, I found myself entirely relieved of piles, and they have not returned. Humanity is under inestimable obligations to you for the introduction of a treatment so valuable to cure them."

A "Treatise on Compound Oxygen," containing a history of the discovery and mode of action of this remarkable curative agent, and a large record of surprising cures in Consumption, Catarrh, Neuralgia, Bronchitis, Asthma, etc., and a wide range of diseases, will be sent free. Address Drs. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 and 1111 Girard Street, Philadelphia.

BISMARCK has a sty on his eye. We always felt in our heart of hearts that retribution for his persecution of the American pig would overtake him, and now it has come.

To Get Rid of Misery.

WHAT is the use of suffering from dyspepsia, nervous prostration or debility, when Brown's Iron Bitters will tone you up and cast these horrors out? There is joy in every bottle of this valuable tonic. It makes bad blood good, and bids dismal people be cheerful. It brings good cheer to the dinner-table, and makes the family happy. It drives away the blues, and helps you to enjoy a hearty laugh. And all the respectable druggists keep it.

"The way to sleep," says a scientist, "is to think of nothing," but this is a mistake. The way to sleep is to think it is time to get up.

ASAHIEL NATURAL MINERAL SPRING WATER.

NERVOUS DEBILITY, varicocele, diseased prostate gland, bladder, kidneys, heart, dropsy, diabetes and Bright's disease cannot be cured with stomach medicines alone, electricity, crayers, belts, cauterizations, sounds, catheters or cutting. The European and American Medical Bureau will send a treatise for 25 cents, giving the remedies and directions which cure those otherwise fatal diseases at home, without pain, privately. Physician's advice. 1193 Broadway, New York, afternoons and evenings.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

ALL persons afflicted with Dyspepsia, Diarrhoea, Colic, and all kinds of indigestions, will find immediate relief and sure cure by using ANGIOTURA BITTERS. The only genuine is manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. SIEGERT & SONS.

THE PEOPLE'S WORLD-WIDE VERDICT.

BURNETT'S COCAINE has been sold in every civilized country, and the public have rendered the verdict that it is the cheapest and best Hair Dressing in the world.

BURNETT'S FLAVORING EXTRACTS are invariably acknowledged the purest and the best.

* * * * * All diseases of lower bowel, including pile tumors, radically cured. Book of particulars, two (3-ct.) stamps. WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

LUNDBORG'S PERFUME, Edenia.
Lundborg's Perfume, Maréchal Niel Rose.
Lundborg's Perfume, Alpine Violet.
Lundborg's Perfume, Lily of the Valley.

CATARRH CURED.

A CLERGYMAN, after suffering a number of years from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, after trying every known remedy without success, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Dr. J. A. LAWRENCE, 199 Dean Street, Brooklyn, New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.

CHRONIC nasal catarrh positively cured by Dr. SAGE'S REMEDY.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE, IN DEBILITY FROM OVERWORK.

DR. G. W. COLLINS, Tipton, Ind., says: "I used it in nervous debility brought on by overwork in warm weather, with good results."

"HOPE on, hope ever." How many delicate ladies there are who, while they attend to their daily duties, do so with aching heads, a sense of fullness, pain in the back, and depressed spirits, who are "only keeping about," as the phrase is, some day they "go into a decline," and leave their children motherless. To such we would say, "Cheer up." Timely use of Dr. PIERCE'S "FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION" corrects all female irregularities, weaknesses, and kindred affections easily, pleasantly and quickly.

THE specialty of the COLTON DENTAL ASSOCIATION is the painless extraction of teeth with laughing-gas—their invention. Over 148,000 operations. See patients' names on their scroll at their office, 19 Cooper Institute, New York.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

AN old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper.

W. A. NOYER, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

EPPS'S COCOA.

BREAKF-ST.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast-tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—*Civil Service Gazette*. Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in half-pound tins by Grocers, labeled thus: JAMES EPPS & CO., Homoeopathic Chemists, London, England.

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN.

Every Afternoon at 2. Evenings at 8. Doors open one hour earlier. The Grandest and Greatest Exhibition ever witnessed. Unparalleled and overwhelming success. Outpouring of the city's best people and monster endorsement of

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and his Greatest Show on Earth united to
THE GREAT LONDON CIRCUS.

Larger, Greater, Grander than Ever.
\$50,000 of New Features added.
NINE ENORMOUSLY LARGE SHOWS IN ONE.
1 Triple Circus in three big rings.
2 Double Menageries of Rare Beasts.
1 Huge Elevated Stage Performances.
1 Museum of Living Human Wonders.
1 Roman Hippodrome with Glorious Races.
1 Ethnological Congress of Savage Tribes.

The Charming Little Widow and Future Countess,
MRS. GEN. TOM THUMB.

JUMBO, Jo-Jo, the Dog faced Boy, Sacred White Elephant, Arada the Wild Man, Miramba Band, Hindoo Snake Charmer, the original Grimaldi Adams, Tattooed Dwarfs, Clown Elephant, Trained Horses, Dogs, Ponies, Elephants, and 1,000 rare features.

GREAT ETHNOLOGICAL CONGRESS OF SAVAGES,

greatly enlarged and constantly being added to, and containing representatives of nearly all the curious tribes of human beings of earth.
Admission, 50c. (Fourth Avenue Side); Children (under 9), 25c. Reserved Seats (Madison Avenue side), \$1. Private Boxes, seating six, 12. Single Box Seats, \$2.

Universally prescribed by the Faculty.

A laxative and refreshing Fruit Lozenge for Constipation, loss of appetite, bile, headache, hemorrhoids, cerebral congestion, etc. Prepared by E. GRILLON, Sole Proprietor, 27, Rue Rambuteau, Paris. Sold by all Druggists. TAMAR, unlike pills and the usual purgatives, is agreeable to take, and never produces irritation nor interferes with business or pleasure.

First Prize Medal, Vienna, 1873. C. WEIS, Manufacturer of Smokers' Articles, etc., wholesale & retail. Repairing done. Circular free. 399 Broadway, N. Y. Factories, 69 Walker St. and Vienna. Raw meerschaum & amber for sale.

SICK HEADACHE

Positively Cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, &c. They regulate the Bowels and prevent Constipation and Piles. The smallest and easiest to take. Only one pill a dose. 40 in a vial. Purely Vegetable. Price 25 cents, 50 cents by mail for \$1.00. CARTER MEDICINE CO., Prop'rs, New York. Sold by all Druggists.



FOR CLEANSING THE SKIN and Scalp of Birth Humors, for allaying Itching, Burning and Inflammation, for curing the first symptoms of Eczema, Psoriasis, Milk Crust, Scald Head, Scrofula, and other inherited skin and blood diseases, CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, internally, are infallible. Absolutely pure. Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, \$1. POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON. Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

NEW MUSIC!

Send two-cent postage-stamp with your address for our latest catalogue. Address,

HITCHCOCK'S MUSIC STORE,
"Sun Building,"
166 Nassau Street, New York.

FINANCIAL.

HARVEY FISK & SONS

Will open their office, No. 28 Nassau Street, (Mutual Life Building), New York City, on Thursday, March 26th, for the transaction of a General Banking business, also dealings in Government Bonds and other Investment Securities.

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HARVEY EDWARD FISK,
CHARLES J. FISK,
PLINY FISK,

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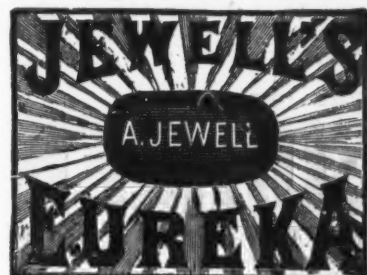
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